

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Science, and Art.

No. 1880.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1853.

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PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—The First Ordinary Meeting of this Society will be held in the Great Room of the Society of Arts, on Thursday, February 3rd, at 8 P.M. Each Member of the Society has the privilege of introducing two friends.

GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF MINES AND OF SCIENCE APPLIED TO THE ARTS.—MUSEUM OF PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.—Mr. WASHINGTON W. SMYTH, M.A., will commence a course of FORTY LECTURES on MINERALOGY on Tuesday next, the 1st of February, at One o'clock, to be continued at the same hour on every succeeding Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

Also, a course of THIRTY-SIX LECTURES upon MINING on Monday, the 7th of February, at Three o'clock, to be continued at the same hour on every succeeding Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

Professor EDWARD FORBES, F.R.S., will commence a course of LECTURES upon NATURAL HISTORY APPLIED TO GEOLOGY (SECTION, SPECIAL PALÆONTOLOGY), on Friday, the 4th of February, at One o'clock, to be continued every succeeding Monday and Friday at the same hour.

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REVIEWS.

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In the year 1825, a Crown Commission was appointed for the publication of the principal papers contained in the State Paper Office. This Commission (the State Paper Office being then as now under the superintendence of the Secretary of State for the Home Department) consisted—as might have been expected from the period when the Commission was formed—chiefly of ornamental names—dignitaries of state, and that class from which the governors of the Charter House are on every vacancy recruited. Like all Commissions or ornamental bodies they began well, and their determination to confine their labours in the first instance to one great period of our history, to the reign of Henry VIII., about which it behoves every Englishman to be well acquainted, was in every respect a wise first act. With this order, and the direction that the publication should be in a quarto shape, the labours of the Commission would appear to have concluded. Nor were the employed servants or servant of the Commission in any hurry to make good the will and pleasure of three sovereigns, or to carry out the supposed intentions of the Commissioners. In 1830 we had an instalment of the work in the shape of five volumes quarto, containing Wolsey's correspondence with Henry VIII., &c.; and in 1852 we have six more volumes, containing the Foreign Correspondence, and completing, we fear, the labours of the Commission. It will be seen from this, that 'the haste, post haste, haste for thy life' so often to be found on the letters printed by the Commissioners, as instructions to King's messengers and letter-carriers, has not had the least effect on the Commissioners or their subordinates at the State Paper Office.

The eleven volumes of State Papers published by the Crown Commissioners belong to that class of papers which includes the 'Cabal,' 'Murdin' and 'Haynes,' 'Winwood' and 'Hardwicke,' 'Sidney' and 'Strafford,' 'Clarendon' and 'Thurloe,' the editors of which have done very little more than arrange the letters in a kind of chronological series, and print them for the most part as near as possible in the strict orthography of the originals. It is as well, perhaps, that editors have seldom undertaken more,—that they have not mislaid with commentary or overlaid with notes. There are few people, indeed, sufficiently well versed in English and foreign history to illustrate the value and importance of State letters, the significance of particular allusions, or the exact meaning of certain phrases. Since the publication, however, of the 'State Papers' enumerated above, much has been done, and ably too, by several antiquaries, in illustration of English historical letters. Lodge set an example late in the last century, but he seldom copied accurately, though his notes are valuable. To the late Mr. Tytler we are indebted for two volumes of 'Letters illustrative of the Reign of Queen Mary,' ably explained throughout; Mr. Carlyle has given us the 'Letters and Despatches of Oliver Cromwell,' most carefully illustrated, though in a very different manner; Mr. Bruce has taken pains with the 'Low Country Correspondence of Dudley, Earl of Leicester';

Mrs. Everett Green has been equally happy with her three volumes of 'Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies;' and Mr. Wilson Croker took successful pains with the 'Correspondence of the Countess of Suffolk.' But no one has set a brighter example of the way in which state papers should be edited than Sir Henry Ellis, in his eleven volumes of 'Letters illustrative of English History.' His notes are always to the point, and his brief commentary before each letter generally contains not only the information required, but at times new facts of moment derived from hitherto unexplored materials. So excellent an example—and Sir Henry has been before the world as an editor since 1824—has not, however, been sufficiently attended to, and such publications as the 'Vernon Correspondence' of the reign of William III., the 'Marchmont Papers,' extending over some earlier and some later reigns than that of the 'hero William,' and the several publications of Archdeacon Cox, are beacons to be avoided by future editors of family papers.

It has been well observed by Mr. Hallam, that it is easier for one man to complete a great undertaking than for many men to co-operate in its execution. This remark is particularly applicable to the eleven volumes of 'State Papers,' published by Her Majesty's Commission, to which very Commission, by the way, Mr. Hallam belongs. Compared with Sir Henry Ellis's eleven volumes, the Commissioners' volumes are comparatively worthless; yet Sir Henry's undertaking was brought to so successful an issue, not by the purse of the Crown or the smiles of royal Commissioners, but by his own unassisted activity and the power of his own unaided resources. Had the Commission consisted of Mr. Hallam only, we should have a better work than we now have—and, what is more, had it sooner. Divided responsibility is in effect no responsibility at all. What Commissioner will admit that he is to blame for spreading eleven volumes of mere transcripts over seven-and-twenty years of publication? or what trustee of the National Gallery will say that he is at all responsible for the over-cleaning of a Claude?

This State Paper Commission, like its predecessor the Record Commission, has been a mistake. Yet good work has issued from both sources, and we should in some degree be grateful to them, as we indeed are, though the good they have effected, compared with the money expended upon them, is as a nutshell of malt to a gallon of Thames. Disappointed as we have been from the first with the Commissioners' volumes of State Papers, yet we are bound to acknowledge that they contain valuable contributions to English and foreign history not to be found elsewhere, and that the publication which bears their names merits imitation by our continental neighbours. What materials for English history lie still unexplored at Paris, Madrid, at Rome, at Lisbon, and at Amsterdam! The letters of foreign ambassadors at the court of London are often our truest exponents of an English state secret, and the correspondence of English ambassadors abroad will doubtless contain to a well-versed foreigner some exposition of a state mystery which he has sought for in vain in the domestic correspondence of the time.

It was said, happily enough, by Sir Henry Wotton—whose whole life had been an embassy—that an ambassador was a person sent "to lie abroad" for the sake of his country. Let

us hope that if this was the case (accepting the wit of Sir Henry's meaning), that ambassadors atone for the lies they tell abroad by the quantity of truth they write home; for certainly the most readable portions of the present volumes are those which include the correspondence of ambassadors lying abroad. From these portions, therefore, shall our extracts be chiefly drawn.

A French invasion of England was as much talked about in France in 1545 as now in England in 1853. Francis I. had, it would appear, a very curious notion of invading our shores, and his plans of landing at Margate and besieging London from the now built-over area of Finsbury-square, has in these days a Cockney character more than sufficient to promote a laugh. From Antwerp, on the 21st of February, 1545, Vaughan thus writes to King Henry VIII.:—

"Pleaseth it your most excellent Majesty to be advertised how yesterday came unto me in the English house in Antwerp, a broker born in France. The same told me that he had a very secret matter, a matter of great weight and importance, and a matter that greatly touched your Majesty's honour and profit; 'but,' said he, 'I am a poor man, and the discovery thereof may also weightily touch me.' Wherefore he concluded he would in no wise discover this matter, unless I would promise him 1000 crowns, which 1000 crowns he said he would find means should be paid in England by the French King. To avoid superfluous writing I so hand [led the said] broker, that upon my faith and promise mad [e unto him] that if he would discover his matter unto me and [if these] should be found true and he effectually shew [himself to be] an honest man, I would promise him he sh [ould be] so] honestly pleased, as he should think himself [happy] to have discovered his matter unto me. Long [it was] notwithstanding my promise, or he would dis [cover it]. Finally he made this discovery unto me follo [wing upon] trust that I would keep promise with him. First h[e asked] me if there were not in England an island call [ed Sheppey], and a place by it called Margate, and by those 2 a haven. I said there was.

"The French King," said he, 'purposeth with his army that he appointeth to land in the Isle of Sheppey, and at Margate to send great store of victuals, which shall be laden in boats of Normandy with flat bottoms, which together with galleys shall there set men a la [nde]. He will send with his army no great ordnance, but small, made and set upon such frames of wood, as neither shall be drawn with horses nor yet have wheels. This army the French King purposeth,' said he, 'shall go so strong that it shall be able to give the battle, and is minded if the same may be able to go through, to go to London, where,' said he, 'a little without the same is a hill, from which London lieth all open, and with their ordnance laid, from thence the said army shall be at the town.' Where this hill should [be so near] London he could not tell me, but as I g [uess it must] be about Fynsbury or Morefilde."

Francis I. was curious about Windsor and Hampton Court, and his inquiries of Englishmen were frequent, and now and then amusing. Here is an inquiry of Wallop (ancestor of the Earls of Portsmouth), humorously detailed in a letter to Henry VIII. The architectural particulars will delight Mr. Parker of Oxford:—

"And thus He made an ende with me of this matier, asking very hartly how Your Majestie did, and could well tell me of your being now at Windsor, and the restraynt there made for those that had ben at London not to cumme to the Court, demanding what maner of howse that Windsor was, and how it stode. I shewed Hym it stode upon a hill, havng the Forrest of thone side, and the champion of thother, and in the bottom faire medowes and a goodly ryver. 'Je vous prie,

Monsr Ambassadour,' quod He, 'que ryver est cella?' I said it was the Themys. 'Et Hampton Court,' quod He, 'est il sur la memes ryver aussy?' I said, 'ye,' that theye bothe stode upon the same ryver with dyvers other goodly howses, namyng Riche mount for one, declaring to hym at lenght the magnificence of them all three, and specially of Hampton Court; of whiche He was very desierous to here, and toke grete pleasure to comen with me therein, shewing me He hard saye that Your Majestie did use muche gilding in your said howses, and specially in the rowffes, and that He in his buylding used litle or none, but made the rowffes of tymbre fyndly wrought with dyvers cullers of woode naturall, as ebeynes, brassell, and certayne other that I can not wel name to Your Majestie, whiche He rekeneth to be more riche then gilding, and more durable; and said at my cummyng to Fowntayne de Bleawe He wold shewe me his chambres, and specially his gallery, to knowe howe I shuld like them, to thentent I myght advertis Your Majestie thereof: and further shewed me that He hatte founde dyvers mynes of marbell, bothe white and blacke, nighe to the see side, the white by Marguyson, and the blacke besides Sherbroke; and if it pleased Your Majestie to send for any of it, Ye shuld have the same at your commaundment, and cost You nothing; as also dyvers mowldes of anticke personages, that He hatte nowe cummyng owte of Ytalye, with which He shal have don within three or fowre monethes."

Wallop was equally curious about Fountainebleau, our English Hampton Court, and has thus described his visit in the same letter to Henry VIII., dated 17 Nov. 1540:—

"Yt may please Your Highnes, according to the Frenche Kinges appointment, I went to Fountayne de Bleawe the Sunday following; and being in the Kinges dynyng chambre abyding his going to church, fortunet the Cunstable to loke owte of the Prevey Chambre. 'O Monsr Ambassadour,' quod he, 'vous soiez le tresbien venu,' prying me to tarry awhile, and the King wold shewe me his gallery; and therewith commaunded one of the Maistres de Hostel to make redly for me his ordynary, he havynge promysed to dyne in the towne. And within a while the said Cunstable cam to the chambre dore, agayne saying, 'le Roy vous demaunde, Monsr. Ambassadour,' and so went into his bedde chambre, whiche I do assuer Your Majestie is very singulier, aswel with antycall borders, as costly seeling, and a chemeney right wel made. And for bycause in suche my communication had with Hym before, I did not gretely prease the mattyer and stuff that the said borders was made of, geyng no good luster, the said Frenche King requiered me to go upon a benche to feele the said matier and stuff; unto whom I said, 'Sir, the benche is to high, and shal hardly gett upp,' and began tassaye. He, lyke a good gratiose Prince did helpe me forward with his hande, orelles, to be playne with Your Majestie, I shuld hardly have gotton upp; and likewise at my cummyng downe stayed me agayn, and from thense brought me into his gallery, keeping the key thereof Hym self, like as Your Majestie useth, and so I shewed Hym, wherewith he took pleasur. And after that I had wel behold the said gallery, me thought it the most magnifique, that ever I sawe, the lenght and bredthe no man canne better shewe Your Majestie then Modon, who wrought there in the begynnyng of the same, being at that tyme nothing in the perfection, as it is nowe. The rowff thereof ys seeled with walnott tree, and made after an other forme then Your Majestie useth, and wrought with woode of dyvers cullers, as before I have rehersed to Your Majestie, and is partly gilt; the pavement of the same is of woode, being wrought muche after that sort; the said gallery is seeled rownde aboute, and fynely wrought three partes of it; upon the fourthe part is all antique of suche stuff as the said Modon makith Your Majesties chemenyes; and betwixt every windowe standes grete antick personages entier, and in dyvers places of the said gallery many fayre tables of stories, sett in, very fynely wrowgth, as Lucretia,

and other, as the said Modon can muche better declare the perfytnes of the hole to Your Majestie, then I. And in the gallerye at St. James the like wold be wel made, for it is bothe highe and large. Yf your pleasure be to have the paterne of this here, I knowe right wel the Frenche King wold gladly geve it me. And in this shewing me his gallerye, (propter formam) I wished Your Majestie there to have seene it. 'Par ma foy, Monsr. Ambassadour,' quod He, 'yf He were, I wold make Hym good chere, et de bon de cueur.'"

The architectural peculiarities dwelt upon by Wallop, and detailed to Henry, are both novel and important.

If the reader is anxious to hunt with Francis I., he shall now do so through the pen of Sir Anthony Browne, the same Sir Anthony who lies on the beautiful *renaissance* monument in Battle Church, in Sussex. Browne is writing to the King, and the date of the letter is Aug. 1527:—

"Pleaseth it Your Heighnes to understand that on Friday the 16th day of this present moneth I went on huntynge with the Frenche King into a forrest besides this towne, Who shewed me that He had provided two crosse bowes for Your Heighnes, such as He hath not seen their betters, the which He is mynded to send to Your Grace.

"Also Poyton shewed me the same day, that he had commaundment by the King to prepare hym self to go towards Your Heighnes in poost; but what tyme he could not ascerteyn me, nor yet what his commission shulde be.

"To advertise Your Heighnes of such pastymes as the said Frenche King useth, the moost part thereof is in huntynge, and that day that He hunteth He is at dynner in sum place in the forrest by 8 of the clock in the mornynge, to whom repair his veners and huntres, brynging with them the scantlyn and femyschyng of such deir as they have herbered, and the same ley on the table before Hym. Wherupon, aswell the gentilmens there present, as the said huntres, alledge many good reasons after my pouer mynd moche to be allowed, to prove which shuld be the grettest dere, tractynge the tyme at sum seasons therein long; whom to heer, the King hath great pleasure. And after that He is resolved which deir He wold hunt, He takith his mule and rideth thider, and never faileth to kill his dere. To praise unto Your Heighnes the goodnes of his houndes I can not, for the deir is killed more by force of men and horses than by strength of houndes; yet is there litle change of deir or none.

"At my last being here, his houndes were very swift, and now they ar as slow, and therewithal il mouthed and not very wel facioned. My Lord Chamberleyn and Mr. Comptroller have seen the maner of his hunting, who aswell as I do mylike the same, and I can thereof make report unto Your Heighnes moch better by mouth, than I by my rude writing can enforme the same.

"Furdermore the Kinges bed is always caried with Hym, when He hunteth; and anon, after that the deir is killed, He repairith to sum hous nere hand, where the same is set up, and there repositeth Hym self three or four houres, and agayn his return there is provided for Him a souper by sum noble man, as by Monsr. de Vandome, Mons. de Guyes, or other; wherunto a great number of ladys and gentilwomen, used to be in his company, be sent for, and there he passeth his tyme unto ten or elevyn of the klok, amonges whom above others, as the report is, he favoereth a maiden of Madam de Vandoms called Hely; whose bewty, after my mynd, is not highly to be praysed.

"The Grand Seneshall also said unto me the same day that the King was dyvers tymes mynded to send him into England with his houndes, for that he say it was more difficulty to kill a deir there than here, because of moche chaunge, and also of hedges and diches, which he shuld fynd there; and here be few or none, by reason whereof it shuld be more easier to kill here than there. But in myne opynion, in case the Frenche King do send hym thider, he wold like his houndes the worse as long as he lyveth."

This was in 1527, and if the reader would like to hunt once more with Francis, he shall do so in 1547, through the pens of Lisle and Wotton, writing to Henry VIII.:—

"After I had made Your Majesties moost hartie commendacions and delyverd Your Highnes letters, He drew Hym aparte, and red your letters, and came towards me agayne with a cherefull countenance, demaundyng veray hartilly howe Your Majestie dyd: to Whom I declared the prousperous estate of Your Highnes, with also the cause of our comyng. And, after I had made an yernest intercession unto Hym to pardon myne want of language (who had not been moch used to speke in the French tong), He sayed (to encourage me) that I spake well, and that He understood me well, and in case I dyd not understand Hym wel, He byd me not spare to aske Hym agayne, and so He wold doe unto me. I dyd set furth Your Majesties good affection unto Hym, with the desyer You had for the contynuaunce of the amitie betwene You, and that for your part nothing shuld be omitted, that either the treatye or friendship dyd requier, and that Your Majestie trustyd to fynd the semblable on his behalf. Wherunto He sayed, that He had no doubt in his good brother, and for his part he mynded assuredly to performe all thynges, and that he trusted the amitie betwene You (although hit had been grete) shuld be nowe greater and more assured then ever yt was. 'And upon Sunday nexte' (seyed He) 'you shall receive myne othe: and my Admirall departith hence upon Monday next towards my good brother; whom I maye' (seyed he) 'evill spare at this tyme. Nevertheless I wold not breake promessee with my good brother.' Wherupon He brake of, and seyed I shuld gos with Hym to se a hart killed of force; and I deseryd Hym merillye, to spare either Mr. Wotton or me, for yesturday we were foure in commission, and nowe we were but 2 left, hable to serve Hym, and if we shuld breake our legges or armes with runnyng the harte of force, we had no moo of our fellows left to wayte upon Hym, Wherat He laughed veray hartilly, and seyed I shuld gos with Hym, and that He was contented to spare Mr. Wotton, whom He dyd veray gently imbrase, seyeng He was glad that his good brother had chosen so honest a man to resyde with Hym, as He had hard hym repourted to be. And I shewed Hym that I trusted He shuld fynd hym the man that He wold wishe to have; for if Your Majestie had not had a grete opinion in his honestye, Ye wold not have placed hym in this place. And after He caused me to kisse the ladies there, which also dyd ryde a huntynge with Hym, upon grete curtalles, He lept upon his moyle, and went towards his pastyme, and killed a hart with force of houndes, exceedingly well: Hym self dyd not followe, but kept the crosse wayes. The Dolphyn spared not, thyck nor thynne. And while the hart was a kylling, the King lighted at a fountayne, where he had his wyne and fruite.

"Thus I brake of with hym, and followed the King to the death of the harte, and so to Mellme to his bed, which was but two leagues from the place where he hountyd. He made me ryde with Hym through the towne, devisyng and commendynge the pleasours of the cuntrye about Fountayn le Bloye. Yt was thought He dyd use me this, because He wold have all thAmbassadours (who were lodged there, aswell thEmperours, as the Bisshop of Romes, and others) to se the amytie which He bearith to Your Highnes. That nyght I dyd supp with Hym, and was brought into thAdmiralles lodgyng to make me readye. This daye He removith to Fountayn le Bleau, and by the waye He hounth the wyld boore in toyles, and had appointed me to see yt; but I could not attend yt, for this depeche, for I had rather forbear such pastymes then neglect my duetye to Your Highnes."

Royal presents, even from one of the heroes of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, were at times purchases such as were readily recognised by the persons to whom they were

given. Here is an amusing instance detailed by Wotton in a letter to Paget:—

"Tandem after good long deliberation the French King hath sent me a present. It was shewed me that it could be made no sooner; but I see in a manner no new thing wrought in it. And amongst it there are two cups, the which I sold away to a goldsmith when I was at Paris. The said cups love me so well, that they are now returned to me again. Marry indeed I sold them naked; but they returned to me fair burnished and coated with good cases. And for because I had them as good cheap, when they came to me first, as I had them now, I intend God willing to sell them again, trusting that they love me so well that they will not be long from me, but will return to me again."

English presents were received more graciously, if we may believe English correspondents. Here are two instances:—

"Gardiner, &c., to Henry VIII.

"Bruges, 16 Nov. 1545.

"Pleaseth it your Majesty to understand that yesternight we supped with the Queen of Hungary, and had very good cheer, and were with much familiarity entertained. She praised much to me the Bishop of Winchester, the goodness of the hounds and grahounds sent her from your Majesty, and said the Emperor and she had had a proof of them, and they were so good that the Emperor would needs have the one-half of her, and so he hath. She asked whether your Majesty delighted in hawks. I told her yes, and she said she intended to send your Highness of the best she hath."

"Carne to Henry VIII.

"Bynkes, 19 April, 1546.

"The said Ambassador came to this town a little before Mr. Dudley delivered your Majesty's present sent to the Queen, which she had appointed to see the same day, immediately after she had heard mass, as she should come from the church. Which Maister Dudley did set forth of the best sort, and both the haques, thobyes, and all the greyhounds, hounds, and the great dogs, were as fair as might be, that all the people had in admiration to see them so fair and so well appointed. And she herself viewed them every one after another as well the horses as dogs, and was the gladdest woman in the world to every man's judgment, declaring that she was so much beholden to your Majesty that she could not tell how she might condignly thank your Majesty of your goodness towards her, in sending so noble a present to her, which undoubtedly pleased her wonderfully."

We have, as our readers will observe, modernized the spelling of some of the letters, while we have given others in the spelling of the originals. Our modern spelling has been made with a view to induce persons unacquainted with old letters to study ancient spelling, for much that is quaint in old orthography often evaporates in the transfer to the settled spelling of the present day. We shall certainly return to these volumes for a few more quaintnesses.

Lady-Bird. A Tale. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Author of 'Ellen Middleton.' Moxton.

If this novel has its season of popularity, it will be from the fluency and liveliness of the author's style, more than from anything new or wonderful in the story. The characters and incidents of the tale are of the conventional kind commonly met with in the world of fiction. A beautiful and interesting heroine, rival admirers and lovers, a mysteriously fascinating foreign Count, a romantic young aristocrat, a widow and an amiable daughter, a venerable old priest-confessor, with sundry fops, fools, and good sort of people,—all these

we find, as we have found them in many a novel before. One specimen of human nature usually prominent in works of fiction—the thorough rogue and scoundrel—is not introduced. Several of our female novelists of the present day excel in delineating villainous men, but the authoress of 'Lady-Bird' displays more of the knowledge of good than of evil, and though there is abundance of dark suffering in her pictures of life, there is very little of black crime. One feature in the present tale is, that all the chief characters are Roman Catholics; but the peculiarities of papal belief or practice are little introduced, and the passions and sentiments, the virtues and vices, are those common to human nature. The story opens with a description of an old English mansion and its owners, which we quote as affording a characteristic and favourable specimen of the author's literary style:—

"The old manorial residence of Lifford Grange was one of those habitations which have remained in the same family for many centuries, which have been two or three times rebuilt in the course of a thousand years, and each time have retained some portion of the old mansion; the new one, as it was called, being—at the period of which we speak—about as deserving of that appellation as the Pont-Neuf at Paris, which happens to be the oldest of all the bridges that span the Seine. An avenue of yews led up to the house; on each side of these sepulchral-looking trees was a row of fine beeches, whose light foliage contrasted with the hue and mitigated the gloom of the more solemn evergreens. 'La parure de l'hiver et le deuil de l'été.'"

"The immediate approach to the house was through a square court equally divided by the carriage-road, on each side of which were two patches of grass, one of them adorned by a sundial on which the sun never shone, and the other by the dry basin of a fountain into which four hideous Tritons peeped, as if in the vain hope of discovering water in its recesses. On the other side of the house there were broad gravel walks, and an extensive garden—if anything so flowerless could deserve the name. A river that looked like a canal divided it from the flat extent beyond. Deeply and sullenly flowed this stream, which had not the beauty of clearness, although the rank weeds in its bed were easily discerned. There was neither life nor spirit in its rapidity: sullenly and silently it hurried along, as if in haste to exchange the open space it had to traverse for the shade of a dark thicket which lay between the park and the river into which it was about to flow."

"The most ardent admirer of old-fashioned places must have owned that there was something melancholy in the aspect of Lifford Grange, with its massive walls, its heavy portals, its projecting windows, all unadorned by the smallest sprig of jessamine, the least invasion of ivy, the slightest familiar touch of daring tendril or aspiring creeper. The interior of the house corresponded with the exterior. It had large drawing-rooms, and furniture which it would have required a giant's strength to move, light-excluding windows and unapproachable fire-places. Heavy red woollen curtains descended to the floor in cumbersome folds. A regiment abreast might have marched up the staircase, and moderate-sized houses have been built within the bed-rooms. There was a certain kind of grandeur about the old Grange, and none of the usual appendages of such a place were absolutely wanting, but there was a total absence of comfort in its arrangements, and of charm in its aspect both within and without."

"The character of the owner seemed stamped upon its walls, and inscribed on its portal. Mr. Lifford's family was as ancient as his house, and his pride as lofty as his rooms. He was the last descendant of a race which had clung to the Catholic church, through the ages of persecution, with a fidelity which had given him an hereditary attachment to a religion, the precepts of which he did not observe, the spirit of which he certainly

did not exhibit. He had not enemies, for he kept too much aloof from others to interfere with them, or to be interfered with himself. There was a kind of dignity and smooth coldness about him which repelled without rudeness, and chilled without offending. It would have been equally difficult to affront or to flatter him; his heart (if he had one) was a sealed book which his few associates never read; none knew if its pages were inscribed with fair or foul characters, or were as blank as the handsome immovable face that formed, as it were, its title page."

"During a journey that he made into Spain soon after coming of age, he had married a Spanish girl of a family as ancient as his own. She was an orphan, and her guardians readily bestowed her hand on the young Englishman; whose quarters, wealth, and religious profession answered the conditions they deemed indispensable to a union with a daughter of their house."

They had two children—a boy, Edgar, and a girl two years older, Gertrude, the heroine of the tale. In the village there was a widow, Mrs. Grey, who married a widower, Maurice Redmond, a poor consumptive artist, each of them having previously a child. With Mary Grey and young Maurice Redmond, Gertrude used to play in her childhood, and she was beloved by them and by every person in the village, "her beauty, intelligence, and waywardness exacting a sort of homage which they all instinctively paid to her."

"They called her 'Lady-Bird,'—a name which Maurice had given her one day, when after a quarrel he sought to appease her. She had been bent on some rash experiment, against which Mary had remonstrated; provoked at her interference, the impatient little beauty had pointed to a sober-looking insect on an ivy-leaf, exclaiming at the same time, 'You are like that dull moth, Mary!' At that moment a gorgeous butterfly, with gold and purple wings, had dived in the bosom of a red rose in her hand, and Mary rejoined, 'And you are like that gay butterfly;' but Maurice cried out, 'No, Mary is a humble-bee, and you a stinging wasp!' Upon which the offended beauty burst into tears, and to make his peace with her, he had called her 'Lady-Bird.' There was something appropriate in this name."

"She was, in a restricted sense, the only little lady amongst them. In her looks and in her manner, there was a mixture of reserve and vivacity, of impetuosity and timidity, which answered to it singularly. She looked so proudly and so gracefully shy if a stranger addressed her; she was so passionate and easily ruffled, so pretty in her anger and eloquent in her wrath, wild in her mirth, and restless in her movements. All the children in the neighbourhood soon knew her by that name, even though they were not—like Mary and Maurice—her associates and play-fellows."

The story tells how the three young people grew up in friendly familiarity, and how Maurice loved Mary like a sister, and Gertrude more than a sister, the parents never thinking of anything but that a convenient companionship was afforded to the young lady of the Hall by her humbler friends. Lifford Grange was a dull place for an only daughter, with a cold haughty father, a sickly invalid mother, and a grave and learned uncle, the priest and confessor of the household. So no wonder that Lady-Bird, a gay, impulsive, generous girl, was happy whenever she escaped from the formal coldness of the Grange to the genial atmosphere of Mrs. Redmond's cottage. Young Maurice had become a skilful musician, and was giving lessons to Gertrude, when a scene occurred which broke up the peaceful tenor of these early days of their life:—

"Mr. Lifford came one day into the library next to his wife's room, at an unusual hour, and whilst

Gertrude was taking her music lesson. He stood at the door for five minutes like the statue of the Commendatore. His cold glassy eyes fixed on the flushed and animated countenance of his daughter, who was singing with considerable animation an Italian bravura; he then turned them on the pale but not less excited face of the young musician, who seemed to watch her lips as if the 'airs of heaven were playing on her tongue' and thrilling through his soul, and then on the maid busily absorbed in her work at some distance, and without saying a word he turned on his heel and left the room unobserved by any of the three.

"That evening when Mrs. Redmond, Mary, and Maurice were at tea, the maid came in and gave him a letter which had just been brought from Lifford Grange. He supposed it to be a message about some music which he was to have written for to London, and hastily opened it. Mary—who was watching him—started at the expression which suddenly overspread his face. It was the paleness of anger that blenched his cheek and made his mouth quiver.

"What is it?" she asked in an almost inaudible whisper.

"There!" he said, "take and read that. This is the sort of treatment one is exposed to in England—the only country where it would be tolerated. Oh the vulgar pride of rank, the insolence of fancied superiority!"

"He dashed the note on the ground, and walked up and down the room with a scowl on his brow, and a burning spot on his cheek. Mary picked up the paper which he had crumpled and torn, and smoothing it again, read its contents, which were as follows:—

"Mr. Lifford presents his compliments to Mr. Redmond, and begs to inform him that Miss Lifford will not continue her music lessons, and at the same time he requests him to have the goodness to send his account."

After this Lady-Bird goes out more into society, and meets with various adventures, which occupy a large part of the story. The crisis of the tale comes when, after a disappointment in a M. d'Arberg, whom she adoringly loved, and on the eve of being married to a Spanish nobleman, with whom her father wished to form an alliance, poor Lady-Bird took refuge late one evening in Mrs. Redmond's cottage. The mother and Mary were absent, and Maurice was about to start that night for London. She told to him all her troubles, and staying too late to return home she was persuaded to escape with him that night to London, and in a few days after they were married. Then commences a series of disasters and trials, the worst of all being that there was coldness between them, early love having burned out, and the brief flash of feeling during the elopement only rendering the blank darkness afterwards more trying. The truth is, Maurice ought to have married Mary Grey, and Lady-Bird still yearned after M. d'Arberg, who had been previously a friend and patron of Maurice. A letter had come to Lifford the very day of Lady-Bird's flight, which explained a misunderstanding, and would have made her again happy in his love. Maurice kept back this letter, and when she found this out, vexation and disappointment rendered her husband repulsive to her. The ablest part of the book is that which describes the passions arising out of such a position, especially when she boldly ventures to bring d'Arberg, Maurice, and Gertrude together during a voyage in the same ship to America. The young artist and his wife were migrating on account of his reverses and poverty; d'Arberg was going out as a missionary priest, having taken holy orders in his disappointment at losing Lady-Bird. The strangely wild feelings when the

three met, and when explanations were made, are exhibited with much power by the author, and the latter part of the story is managed with considerable tact and ingenuity. At the close of the tale, Lady-Bird is a widow, with a child, in her old home at Lifford Grange, a woman chastened by affliction, satisfied of the vanity of earthly excitement and pleasure, and occupying her time in active works of benevolence and usefulness. Her husband died shortly after landing in America, and d'Arberg is last heard of through a newspaper as a devoted Jesuit missionary in China. The other leading characters of the tale are disposed of according to approved principles of fiction-life. The moral of the tale, as formally announced in the closing page, has not much connexion with the tenor of the story, at least there are other points better illustrated than the fact that "family pride is the source of much misery." Old Mr. Lifford assents to his Edgar's marrying somewhat below his station, remembering the consequences of his attempt to compel his daughter to an alliance of interest apart from affection. A friend went to plead with Mr. Lifford for his consent to his son's marriage:—

"She thought he was about abruptly to refuse his consent, but he looked at her steadily, and pointing to his wife's picture and to his daughter's, which had been restored to its place, he said in a slow impressive manner,—

"You speak to one whose *Pride* was their misery. Send Edgar to me at once; does he think I still worship the idol that destroyed them?"

"When Gertrude threw her arms round his neck and thanked him for the consent he had given to her brother's marriage, he held her at a distance from him for an instant, and gazed at her with an indescribable expression. 'Do you think I am not happy?' she asked, with one of those smiles which leave no doubt as to the source from whence they spring,—a heart full of the peace and joy which the world cannot give nor the world take away. Then he pressed her to his heart, and gave her one of those blessings which, though uttered by human lips, seem to descend straight from Heaven; and since that time there have been flowers in the gardens, and happiness within the walls of the old house of Lifford Grange."

We must notice one point in Lady Georgiana Fullerton's writing worthy of correction, the too frequent introduction of scraps of French and other needless quotations. At first these freaks seem amusing, but when recurring in the course of every few pages they give the impression of a disagreeable mannerism.

Historical and Statistical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States. By Henry Schoolcraft, LL.D. Vol. 2. Philadelphia: Published by Congress. Sampson Low and Co.

The first volume of this truly magnificent national work was, as we stated ('L. G.' 1852, p. 654), devoted principally to the early history and ethnology of the red American tribes. The present volume is occupied by the vital statistics of those races, and by accounts of their manners and customs, which the author, from his great experience of Indian life in the wilderness, is singularly well able to describe. With respect to the vital statistics of the Indians, Dr. Schoolcraft states that the rate of reproduction is so small, and the causes of depopulation so great, that a period of less than two hundred years has sufficed to witness the extinction of several tribes. The policy of pursuing the chase, which is so emi-

nently destructive to human life, coupled with petty predatory and tribal warfare, are sufficient causes to account for the terrible falling off in the population. Availing himself of the most authentic returns, Dr. Schoolcraft estimates that during a period of eighty-seven years the number of deaths among the Indian tribes exceeded the births by 77,365, a ratio of decline which would extinguish the entire Indian population of the United States in about two hundred years.

The researches in the far west show that the hunter and non-industrial tribes still cling with great tenacity to their native forests and native habits. They regard with the greatest distrust the promises of labour, and, with few exceptions, fly before the approaches of civilization as if it were a pestilence. With these people it is not the curtailment of their territory that is the cause of their depopulation. It is the ruinous policy of keeping large areas untouched by the plough, and in a desert state, that these territories may produce wild animals. They have therefore perished rather from the large extent than from the smallness of their territory. Next to the want of industrial habits in the forest and prairie tribes, nothing has had so great an influence in keeping them at the zero of human society as their aversion to education. Notwithstanding this fact, great efforts it appears are made by the United States government to bestow some kind of education, however simple, on the tribes within their reach, and we are glad to find that these praiseworthy exertions are not entirely fruitless.

Under the head of 'Manners and Customs' our author has collected a mass of very interesting information. Here is one of the methods adopted by the Indians of the Far West to capture deer:—

"The most ingenious mode of hunting the deer is that called by them *fire hunting*, which is done by descending a stream in a canoe at night with a flambeau. The habit of this animal in resorting to streams at night is well known. In the latter part of spring and summer, the Indian hunters on the small rivers in the interior take the bark of the elm or cedar, peeling it off whole for five or six feet in length, and turning it inside out; paint the outer surface black with charcoal. It is then pierced with an orifice, to fit it on the bow of the canoe, so as to hide the sifter; then a light or torch is made by small rolls, two or three feet long, of twisted birch bark (which is very inflammable), and this is placed on the extreme bow of the boat, a little in front of the bark screen, in which position it throws its rays strongly forward, leaving all behind in darkness. The deer, whose eyes are fixed on the light as it floats down, is thus brought within range of the gun."

Swans and other animals are shot by this method, which is attended with great success. But it is in the wild forest that the Indian hunter is thoroughly at home. Thus, he always resorts to the valleys, to which all the game repair as night approaches. In ascending or descending the banks of streams or rivers the Indian hunter is always careful to take that side which throws the shadow from it, so that he may have a clear view of all that passes on the opposite side, while he is himself screened by the shadow.

It appears that in the forests and hunting-grounds of the Upper Mississippi, which are still undisturbed by civilization, great hunting feats are of ordinary occurrence. Dr. Schoolcraft states that a noted Chippewa hunter killed in that district in one day sixteen elk, four buffaloes, five deer, three bears, one lynx, and one porcupine. Another hunter

killed near Lake Superior a moose of three hundred pounds' weight. It was in the month of February, and the snow was so soft from a partial thaw that the snow shoes sank deep at every step. After cutting up the animal and drawing out the blood, he wrapped the flesh in the skin, and, putting himself under it, rose up erect. Finding that he could not bear the weight, he then took a litter of nine pups in a blanket upon his right arm, threw his wallet on the top of his head, and, putting his gun over his left shoulder, walked six miles to his wigwam.

Under the head of War and its Incidents our author has some interesting remarks. He observes:—

"Civilization has many points of ambitious attainment—the rewards of letters, triumphs in the forum and the legislative hall, the diplomatic bureau, &c.—but the Indian has only one prime honour to grasp:—it is triumph in the war-path, it is rushing upon his enemy, tearing the scalp reeking from his head, and then uttering his terrific death-whoop. For this crowning act he is permitted to mount the honoured feather of the war-eagle, — the king of carnivorous birds. By this mark he is publicly known, and his honours recognised by all his tribe, and by the surrounding tribes whose customs assimilate. When the scalp of an enemy has been won, very great pains are taken to exhibit it. For this purpose it is stretched on a hoop, and mounted on a pole. The inner part is painted red, and the hair adjusted to hang in its natural manner. If it be the scalp of a male, eagles' feathers are attached to denote that fact. If a female, a comb or scissors is hung on the frame. In this condition it is placed in the hands of an old woman, who bears it about in the scalp dance, while opprobrious epithets are uttered against the tribe from whom it is taken. Amidst these wild rejoicings the war-cry is vociferated, and the general sentiment with old and young is— 'Thus shall it be done to our enemies.'

"The feather of an eagle is the highest honour that a warrior can wear. When it bears a red spot, it denotes that the wearer has killed an enemy; a notch cut in it, and the edges of the feathers painted red, indicate that the throat of an enemy has been cut. Small consecutive notches on the front side of the feather without paint denote that the wearer is the third person that has touched the dead body; both edges notched, that he is the fourth person that has touched it; and the feather partly denuded, that he is the fifth person that has touched the slain."

Dr. Schoolcraft's long residence among the Indian tribes enables him to give us a very accurate description of the Indians' domestic life:—

"It has often been made a question how order is obtained in so confined a space as an Indian wigwam, where so many persons seem to be huddled together in confusion. We have made particular inquiries into this subject. Domestic order and domestic rights are of such a character that they would seem, in savage as in civilized life, to demand rules that all should know and respect. The wife of the hunter has the entire control of the wigwam and all its temporalities. To each person who is a member of the lodge-family is assigned a fixed seat, or habitual abiding-place, which is called *Abbinos*. To the master and mistress of the lodge belongs the chief location. To each of the adult and grown children is also assigned their particular *abbinos*. The very infant soon learns to know its place, and hastens to its mother's *abbinos*. If the son is married and brings his bride home, the mother assigns the bride her *abbinos*. This is prepared by spreading one of the finest skins for her seat, and no one besides her husband ever sits there. Inmates of the lodge have their bed, wallet, &c., placed behind their own *abbinos*, and generally war clubs and arms, if he be a warrior, are placed within reach. In this manner the personal rights of each individual are guarded. The female is

punctilious as to her own, so that perfect order is maintained; and it would be as much a violation of their etiquette for an inmate to take possession of another's *abbinos* at night, as, in civilized life, to intrude into a private bedchamber. By these known rules of the wigwam an Indian's notions of propriety are quite satisfied; while, to the European stranger, who casually lifts up the lodge door (a bit of cloth or skin) and peeps in, its interior appears to be appropriated with as indiscriminate a 'communism' as if it were occupied by so many pigs, sheep, or bears."

We can only afford room for one more extract in reference to the custom of interments:—

"Nothing that I have observed respecting burials among the Indians reaches so absolutely a revolting point, as a custom which has been noticed among certain of the Oregon tribes. One of the chiefs lost a daughter, a fine-looking woman, about twenty years of age. She was wrapped up in a rush mat, together with all her tinkets, and placed in a canoe. The father had an Indian slave bound hand and foot, and fastened to the body of the deceased, and enclosed the two in another mat, leaving out the head of the living one. The Indians then took the canoe (which was employed in lieu of a coffin) and carried it to a high rock and left it there. Their custom is to let the slave live for three days, then another slave is compelled to strangle the victim by a cord drawn around the neck. They also kill the horse that may have been the favourite of the deceased, and bury it at the head of the canoe. I was desirous of saving the life of the victim, but the Indians who were with me assured me that I should only get myself into serious trouble, and as we were at a great distance from the settlements, and our party was very small, self-preservation dictated a different course from the inclinations of our hearts."

We must not omit to mention that this very interesting volume is printed in the best style of the American press, and profusely illustrated by engravings, which are highly creditable to the artists, and convey a most graphic picture of Indian life.

A Historical Memoir of Fra Dolcino and his Times. By L. Mariotti, Author of 'Italy, Past and Present,' &c. Longman and Co. THE spring of 1307—the same year which witnessed the famous oath of the confederates at Grutlin, and the assertion of the independence of the Swiss cantons—saw the close of a long struggle for religious freedom on the Italian side of the Alps. For several years a band of heretics, as all are called who do not passively submit to the despotism of the papal see, had taken refuge in the mountain fastnesses above Novara. Of these refugees, chiefly from the plains of Lombardy, the leader was Fra Dolcino. Against the attacks of the authorities of the adjacent districts they had maintained a successful resistance, until Clement V. signalized his accession to the papacy by declaring a crusade against Dolcino and his followers. The papal bull was issued soon after Clement's exaltation, which took place in June, 1305. To every man who would take up arms for the extirpation of the heretics, the same indulgences were awarded as to the warriors of the cross in Palestine. Before the end of August a considerable force had assembled at Scopa, consisting chiefly of the lords and knights of the neighbourhood with their retainers, but also including volunteers from various countries. Among the latter was an Englishman, Nicholas Trivet, son of no less a personage than Sir Thomas Trivet, of Norfolk, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. It was not till after

nearly two years' conflict, and after encountering many repulses, that the bloodthirsty crusaders overpowered their victims. Dolcino's followers, during the first year of the crusade, suffered from famine and sickness as well as from hostile attacks; but they maintained their ground on the mountain sides of the valleys of the Sesia and the Sessara. In the frequent conflicts Dolcino showed much strategic skill as well as personal courage, especially in resisting the attacks made on his fortified position on the Mont Zerbello. In the last of these attempts the crusaders were driven back with great loss as far as the towns of Trivero, Mosso, and Crevacuore.—

"That engagement took place towards the fall of the year, and throughout the autumn and winter Dolcino followed up his advantage, and every day was signalled by a further extension of his possessions. In December, the municipal forces of Verelli found themselves unable to hold their position in the valley, and in so great a dread of pursuit, if they left it in sight of the enemy, that they chose the darkest and longest night of the year, and stole out of their camp, without as much as conveying a hint of their intentions to their confederates on the hill, and setting fire to their tents, barracks, and other works, effected their escape. The main episcopal force, reduced from 1200 to only 700 men, was thus left behind on the hill it occupied from the outset, isolated now, encompassed all round by mountains of snow, and sore beset by the enemy, who, masters of all the positions around, cut off all retreat. It would thus have perished with cold and hunger, had not the Bishop of Verelli, always indefatigable in his exertions, sent a body of daring mountaineers, who by dint of infinite toil cut open a path for them across the deep snow, and thus conveyed these poor men, stiff and helpless, but yet alive, to a place of safety."

"This great object being obtained, the crusaders fell back altogether, abandoning not only the positions which they had occupied and attempted to occupy, on six of which now Dolcino in his turn built his own bastions and trenches, but also, successively, the towns of Trivero, Mosso, Coggiola, Flechia, and as far as Crevacuore on the east, and Mortigliengo and Curino in the south. All these places are extant with hardly any modification in the names."

"The demoralization of the Catholics, both people and military, was so complete, that the mere sight of the heretics was enough to strike a panic amongst them: a whole host often running from a mere handful of the enemy."

"The Bishop, however, compelled as he was to give up his ground, would not abandon his plan—a plan which had been followed now for more than two years, and which aimed at starving his adversaries."

"Had they been able to wait until the thawing of the Alpine snows enabled them to try their fortune across the great mountain barrier, they might, perhaps, have taken some desperate course, such as freed them from similar horrors on the Bare Wall, in the previous spring. But it was otherwise decreed. They soon came to their old loathsome resources of dogs, horses, and mice. They peeled off the bark, dug up the roots of trees; they gnawed the leather of their buff coats, their belts, the soles of their shoes."

"Cannibalism came at last. Such of the Apostles as only died of their wounds, or of cold and famine, supplied a repast for their brethren. We shall not describe their horrid shambles and hideous cookery. They had provisions of that nature in sufficient quantity, it is likely, to save them from that last dreadful necessity mariners are often brought to—that of casting lots."

"All this for above three months. Skeleton-like and almost blind, they groped about, like Count Ugolino in the Tower of Famine, about nineteen years before them—they groped among the corpses of their comrades. They had no strength or resolution to dig a grave for them. Such of their remnants as were even in their extremities deemed

unmeet for human food, were left to the ravenousness of the wolves and vultures of the Alps."

Over enemies thus weakened and wasted victory at last could not be doubtful. The Catholic army, after resting in winter quarters, re-assembled in early spring to renew the assaults on the heretics, around whom the blockade had been rigorously kept up through the winter. On the 23rd of March, 1307, the last fight took place on the Sella, or pass of Stavello. The battle lasted all day, the heretics fighting with the energy of despair, and asking or receiving no quarter. Upwards of a thousand were killed, about a hundred and fifty falling alive into the hands of their enemies. Among these were Fra Dolcino, his wife, Margaret of Trent, and Longino de Cattanei, a man of noble family, who was the bravest of Dolcino's followers, and acted as his lieutenant. The prisoners were treated with great cruelty, and were delivered over by the bishop to the secular power to be punished for heresy. On the 1st June the leaders were brought to the stake at Vercelli:—

"Margaret of Trent enjoyed the precedence due to her sex. She was first led out into a spot near Vercelli, bearing the name of 'Arena Servi,' or more properly 'Arena Cervi,' in the sands, that is, of the torrent Cervo, which has its confluent with the Sesia at about one mile above the city. A high stake had been erected in a conspicuous part of the place. To this she was fastened, and a pile of wood was reared at her feet. The eyes of the inhabitants of town and country were upon her. On her also were the eyes of Dolcino. She was burnt alive with slow fire.

"Next came the turn of Dolcino; he was seated high on a car drawn by oxen, and thus paraded from street to street all over Vercelli. His tormentors were all around him. Beside the car, iron pots were carried, filled with burning charcoals; deep in the charcoals were iron pincers glowing at white heat. These pincers were continually applied to the various parts of Dolcino's naked body, all along his progress, till all his flesh was torn piecemeal from his limbs: when every bone was bare and the whole town was perambulated, they drove the still living carcase back to the same arena, and threw it on the burning mass in which Margaret had been consumed.

"Whilst this was being done at Vercelli, Longino was expiating his crimes in the same manner at Biella."

Benvenuto of Imola, a Catholic historian of Dolcino, relates the tortures with horrible minuteness, confessing that "their heroism elicited the admiration of the bystanders, who lamented that so much courage and constancy had not been exhibited in a better cause:—

"In a better cause!" echoes Mariotti. "That may mean, if we judged of its merits by success. For the rest, Dolcino only succumbed in a strife in which others were sure to bear the palm. Divested of all fables which ignorance, prejudice, or open calumny involved it in, Dolcino's scheme amounted to nothing more than a reformation, not of religion, but of the Church; his aim was merely the destruction of the temporal power of the clergy, and he died for his country no less than for his God. The wealth, arrogance, and corruption of the Papal See appeared to him, as it appeared to Dante, as it appeared to a thousand other patriots before and after him, an eternal hindrance to the union, peace, and welfare of Italy, as it was a perpetual check upon the progress of the human race, and a source of infinite scandal to the piety of earnest believers. The religious and political questions were then, as they are now, indissolubly, eternally blended in Italy."

We have no doubt that in this passage our author describes the true spirit of Fra Dolcino's insurrection against the papacy. Of the heretical doctrines and practices ascribed to him we have no ground for forming any

correct idea. By popish writers his name is never mentioned without execration, and the most horrible crimes are laid to the charge of his followers. But when we come to analyse these charges, we find nothing that does not bear the stamp of exaggerated and malignant enmity to him as a supposed heretic. Amongst the bitterest accusations we find it alleged that the famished army had fed upon horse flesh, and when reduced to extremity had boiled hay with grease for food, "even in the season of Lent," to the great scandal of the orthodox. They had also averred that "a stable might serve all the purposes of Christian worship as well as a church." In styling themselves the Apostles, by which name they were spoken of in opprobrium, they may have only proposed to aim at following apostolic teaching and usages.—

"If it were possible to sift the evidence bearing on the guilt of these apostles, we need hardly doubt that the real offence would be found to lie less in the error and criminality of the heretic, than in the ignorance and fanaticism of the orthodox. The commission of Dolcino's apostles was absolutely nothing else than a universal renunciation of property, an inexorable mortification of life. 'Community of goods' resolved itself into the strictest equality of destitution."

The charges of immorality Mariotti considers unworthy of refutation.—

"We need not give one minute's attention to those who would ascribe to Dolcino motives either of ambition or licentiousness. Had his purpose been merely the gratification of his own passions, had his aim been only the enjoyment of his Margaret's company, we are aware of no law, either civil or canonical, that could oppose his desire, even admitting—that does, and is, on the contrary, stoutly denied by his enemies—that he was an ordained priest; nay, even supposing that both himself and his 'Sister' were bound by monastic vows; for there was hardly any excess of licentiousness that could not be indulged with impunity in the thirteenth century, provided it was within the pale of the Church, and with some show of submission to its authority. All the efforts of such Popes as Gregory VII. and Innocent III. had been directed to little more than to keep up the bare decencies of the Church: they had battled against what they called the concubinate of the priests rather on political than moral principles, an evil which they only cured by closing an eye to much more grievous abuses."

Margaret of Trent seems to have been a remarkable woman. She was endowed with rare beauty, and possessed considerable wealth. Even when brought to the stake at Vercelli, more than one noble Italian offered her marriage if she would recant. In early life she refused many and distinguished suitors, to embrace the doctrines of Dolcino, and to follow his fortunes. Of Dolcino's career previous to his becoming the leader of his sect, little is known. He was a native of Novara, and was intended for the church, but his enemies deny that he was ever in orders.

"No poor illiterate fanatic was Dolcino. Whenever he went, his presence was soon—too soon—made manifest by its prodigious effects. His fiery speech was omnipotent with the uneducated classes, but neither was it lost upon men of high birth and considerable literary attainments. One of his elders, Longino of Bergamo, belonged to the noble family of the Cattaneo; nor was he the only one of that rank. Dolcino—we have it from the authority of his own enemies—was conversant with the Scriptures, which he could quote familiarly and by heart, those Scriptures which Innocent III. had about one hundred years before strictly and formally withdrawn from the multitude. It was from that source mainly that the apostle drew his arguments;

and the inspired tone which gave his language all its impressive power, was borrowed from the strains of Biblical phraseology."

It seems strange at first that so little has been recorded of one who made in his time so much excitement. Dante mentions him by name in some lines of his 'Inferno' (xxviii. 50-64) which form the motto to the present work:—

"Or di a Frà Dolcino dunque che s'armi,
Tu che forse vedrai lo sole in breve,
S'egli non vuol qui tosto seguitarmi,
Sì di vivanda che stretta di neve
Non rechi la vittoria al Novarese
Ch' altrimenti acquistar non sarà breve."

It was this allusion which directed the author's attention to the subject:—

"Dante's having embalmed Dolcino's memory was sure, sooner or later, to awaken the curiosity of future generations. It was little more than the name that endured, truly; and that was seldom uttered without that indefinable awe, that prestige of horror, which has power to fascinate imagination in proportion to our defect of positive knowledge. Dolcino's history was, for many ages and in many countries, a forbidden subject; and when Muratori, little more than one hundred years ago, brought into light two historical documents, purporting to be, one a history of Dolcino and of his two years' war on the Alps, and the other an exposition of his errors and heresies, and an examination of his writings—both by contemporaneous anonymous writers—he did so with many a profession of his heartfelt detestation of this and of all other heresies, and with all due submission, even against his own good common sense, to the decrees by which Rome had proscribed the memory of Dolcino and of his sect to all eternity."

From these sources, and from the commentators on the 'Divina Commedia,' especially Benvenuto da Imola, also from a Latin biography by the learned Mosheim, with other recent notices, the author has compiled his history. The materials are not scanty, but they are on various points imperfect, and there is the disadvantage of all the early accounts having been drawn up by bitter enemies of the heretics. Yet even from the pictures they have left, the impression of Dolcino is not one which the friends of religion and freedom will receive with disfavour. Apart from the immediate subject of Dolcino's revolt, Signor Mariotti presents much interesting matter bearing upon the general state of Italy and the politics of Southern Europe in those times:—

"The aspect of the political world was very different from what it bore at the time of the crusades of Languedoc. A strong antagonism against priestly arrogance had developed itself in every European community. Papal pride had its fall in Dolcino's own times, with Boniface VIII., in 1303. Henceforth the Church could only be strong by the support of the State. At the time that Dolcino shut himself up in Valsesia, in 1304, he could scarcely foresee that Papacy had gained a permanent, though an overbearing protector in that very King of France, who had so powerfully contributed to its humiliation. Anywhere but in Paris, or at Avignon—where it was in a state of captivity—the Papacy had nothing but enemies. In Italy, especially—and it was pardonable for an Italian in that age not to look much beyond the Alps—in Italy, especially, the Church had sunk very low in popular estimation. It was in vain that she endeavoured to blend its interests with those of democratic freedom; the very Guelphs fell off from her. In all the Guelph cities, as we have seen at Vercelli, the burgher magistrate had superseded the mitred ruler. It was a family faction, not his ecclesiastical authority, that made Rainieri of Vercelli so strong against Dolcino. Nay, the very election of bishops no longer took place except in obedience to the will of a faction. But for the violence and intrigue of the House of Anjou and France, necessity for

order and union would have thrown the Italians into the hands of Ghibellinism. That party, eternally at war with the Church, was already sufficiently strong in itself to stand up hand to hand against all the might of the opposite party; for a resistance against French influence, it looked abroad in expectation of the support of the Houses of Aragon and Sicily, or of that of the princes who successively wore the silver crown of Germany.

"Dolcino was, then, not so far from success as one might judge from the actual event. Had, for instance, his own trumpeted hero, Frederick of Sicily, been as enterprising as he was able and daring, or had Dante's champion, Henry VII., been more fortunate, had he been on his guard against the consecrated host that poisoned him at Buonconvento—for the fate of nations too often hangs on the thread of a man's life—the dream of those two far-sighted patriots, the prophet and the poet, might have been fully realized. Had a strong hand seized the Imperial power, forced the fretting Italian cities to as much obedience as would save them from self-destruction, the Popes who quitted Rome, in 1305, might never have revisited it. They would either have abided at Avignon, soon to be limited to the petty dignity of French primates, or if they had come to terms with the emperors, it would only have been by bowing to their authority, by being stripped of that sovereignty which, according to Arnold of Brescia and Frederic II., no less than to Dolcino and Dante, made them false to their apostolic mission.

"But why should we lose ourselves in unprofitable conjectures? It was otherwise decreed. That combination of circumstances which seemed to betoken the immediate fall of the Papacy, only ushered in its decline. It had yet a long, lingering period of dissolution to go through. There is a tenacity in human institutions which makes them resist instantaneous death. That 'Providence' which armed the Franks in defence of Adrian I., which led the Normans of Apulia to the rescue of Gregory VII., which started up a champion for Clement V. in the person of that wicked and unprincipled Philip the Fair of France, or an ambitious statesman like Charles V. of Austria in behalf of Clement VII., equally enlisted the most unnatural auxiliaries—the Russian 'schismatics,'—the English 'heretics,'—the Ottoman 'infidels,' in support of Pius VII. in 1800; nay, it called forth such a reprobate as Louis Napoleon Buonaparte to the restoration of Pius IX."

The present religious agitation in the north of Italy is but a manifestation of the same spirit which has often led in the middle ages to insurrection against the oppression of the papal power. Referring to the Waldensians, who in other valleys of the Alps retained the primitive Christian faith and worship, during the darkest periods of corruption,—

"The torch of freedom and truth which they fed at so dear a cost in their Alpine wilderness, is not only still allowed to burn bright and serene in their native valleys, but shines at this present moment in the midst of some of the most polished,—of the only free cities of Italy. The Waldenses are invading Piedmont. So long as the Sardinian States enjoy even the phantom of constitutional government awarded to them by Charles Albert—who, to his eternal honour be it spoken, was always fain to show as much justice and mercy to his Protestant subjects as he dared,—so long as Waldensian chapels are erected both at Turin and Genoa—so long as Italian versions of the Bible, and even Protestant tracts and journals, such as 'La Buona Novella' of Turin, openly circulate there, the cause of Dolcino must be looked upon as anything but lost, even in that last citadel of Popery,—in Italy itself. Such virtue as may lie latent in the pure doctrines of the gospel, has now a chance of full development, even in Italian lands."

In the course of the narrative Signor Mariotti makes frequent applications of his subject to the civil and ecclesiastical questions of the present day. For instance, the disas-

trous close of Dolcino's war on the Alps is shown to be fraught with useful lessons to Italian patriots in case of any future effort for national independence:—

"The experiment was made, under the very best circumstances, in recent times. The hour and the man had come together. At a period in which all Italy was in arms, in 1848, when vast numbers of youthful adventurers wandered about, houseless, hopeless, lavish of their life for their country, Garibaldi appeared to lead them. He was the man, long kept in reserve by Young Italy for the great purpose, and had won a fair name in distant countries for his genius in that peculiar mode of warfare that was now in contemplation. The leader could not have been abler nor the men braver. Yet the former looked in vain for a strategic point fit for the display of his talents; the latter found themselves in presence of an enemy they were not prepared to encounter. Garibaldi's campaign on the Alps did not last quite a fortnight. There are many obvious reasons to account for his failure. The Spanish guerilla bands, whom the Italians would have taken as models, are always recruited among the immediate children of the soil—patient, frugal, unwearied mountaineers, hard as their own rocks. The enemy never knows where to find them. The boor he passes by to-day, a ragged goatherd, or a stupid ploughman, the innkeeper, whose hospitality he repays with ill-usage, will confront him, all cloaked and plumed, a redoubtable guerrillero, on the morrow. The Italian patriots under Garibaldi were strangers in the land of their fathers. Mere city-men, young students for the most part, they knew nothing of the Alps, except the faint blue outline they could descry from their coffee-house window, in the city of the plain. The Italian is too exclusively the man of the city. From the days of ancient Rome he has estranged himself from nature. All civilisation is with him centered in his artificial habits of town-life. The rural population is a mere blank for what concerns the destinies of the country. Accustomed to all the leisure and luxury of their idle frivolous life; the young patriots had nothing to uphold them but the excitement and devotion of the moment. The country people, amongst whom they moved, evinced neither sympathy nor intelligence; they gazed at them in listless stupor, and the very wonderment of their gaze pointed out their course to their pursuers. Nowhere could the heroes meet with either support or sustenance on the mountains. Had their campaign lasted a whole fortnight, necessity would have driven them to plunder. The patriot of to-day would have stood forth a bandit and a marauder to-morrow; when the Alpine rustics, in mere self-defence, would have been roused from their apathy, only to join the Austrian in the hue and cry after their brethren. The case of Fra Dolcino was far different; hence the importance it may have on present matters. Dolcino led mountaineers into the field. He had come unarmed, almost alone into Val Sesia. His earnest eloquence, his simple truths, won him an army. At its head he repulsed all enemies for two years. Had those valleys offered him an outlet, had he always been able to shift his ground from an exhausted into a fruitful district, as the Spanish guerilla men have it in their power to do, and as he did himself by incredible efforts, in one instance—had he, in short, as Dante warned, provided against the gaunt fiend that was to prey upon his entrails, he might have wearied out his adversaries—and who knows?—even eventually have taken the offensive. But no! Each of these valleys is a *cul-de-sac*, a trap. The man who abandons the plain before his enemy can find but too ready a refuge amongst them; but on their entrance he may read the infernal inscription:

'Relinquish hope, all ye who enter here.'

"The Apostles made a long stand, unexampled in the annals of Italian, or indeed of any other, warfare, because faith and despair were strong at their heart; but their fate, nevertheless, admonishes us that the hopes of Italy must rest on other resources than those which the mountains afford. As in the days of the Lombard League, the war of

emancipation must begin and end in the towns. It is only by such cruel and costly sacrifices as Crema, Tortona, Milan, and others, underwent seven centuries ago, that Italy may once more be redeemed. Some of the spirit of the olden times has indeed been shown lately, 1848-49, at Milan, Brescia, Bologna, and above all, where it least could have been looked for,—in rotten Rome. It was not along the Alpine defiles, it was behind the walls of that 'City of the Priests,' that Garibaldi answered the expectation of his admirers. It is of the greatest importance that all should profit by past experience; that no efforts should be wasted in the pursuit of impracticable schemes, however plausible and romantic they may seem in the abstract. Italy is not Spain or Tyrol. Let it be understood that the Alps can be no cradle for Italian freedom; they may guarantee the independent existence of the country; but they will lend no very material aid towards its attainment."

Signor Mariotti deals more ably with the political than with the religious part of his subject. With ecclesiastical history he does not seem to have much acquaintance, and in his preliminary account of various struggles against the papacy, he mixes together, without much discrimination, those which were chiefly civil commotions, those which were mere outbreaks of fanaticism, and the truly religious protests of the Albigenses and Waldenses. Fra Dolcino's war we believe to have been the result of various causes, but far the chief was the determination of Rome to silence his protest against the corruptions of the Church and the power of the clergy. With much patient and laborious research Signor Mariotti has collected sufficient materials for the reader to form his own judgment as to the real principles of the movement. Whatever be thought of the religious character of Dolcino or his followers, their Alpine war is one of the most remarkable and romantic episodes in Italian history, worthy of being rescued from the comparative obscurity or oblivion in which it has till now remained.

Autobiography of an English Soldier in the United States Army. Hurst & Blackett.

We have read this autobiography with a great deal of interest. It is the genuine, unobtrusive history of an intelligent Britisher, who enlisted as a private in the United States army, and took an active part in the Mexican war of 1846-7 under General Scott. It is the simple, straightforward narrative of a man who made good use of his eyes, heart, and understanding, and has had the wisdom to record his adventures in a style almost remarkable as coming from the common ranks of military life. "I left home," says the autobiographer, "in the summer of 1845, for the same reason that yearly sends so many thousands there—want of employment." He was a Paisley hand-loom weaver by trade, but had experienced a short season of martial adventure in the British army, and purchased his discharge. Arrived at New York, where he was struck by the fierce and incessant scramble for the means of living, his attention was first attracted by a placard containing the announcement that a hundred able-bodied men were wanted for whaling. "Can you inform me of the terms of the engagement?" said the adventurer to the whale-fish clerk. "I can't do anything else," was the reply. "Ah! stranger, I guess you're in a particular all-fired streak of good luck. We are nearly filled up, that's a fact; but if you're in good health—let me just look at your arm—I can fix that right away." The wages proved to

be a share in the "catching," the amount being proportionate to the luck. The carpet weaver was, however, warned to beware of the land-sharks, and determined to enlist for a soldier. Resolved to realise as much ready money as he could, he sold his good clothes, replacing them with a light linen jacket and chip hat, at the cost of a trifle, just to serve until put into uniform; and was rowed over to Gouverneur's Island, with a lot of other recruits, to perform drill service. As several anecdotes are told of his companions in this island, we must make room here for one of a deserter:—

"A rather ludicrous circumstance happened to a captain of a schooner who picked up one of these deserters in the bay. The deserter had left Gouverneur's Island on a plank, and having miscalculated the run of the tide, he was rapidly drifting out to sea, when he was seen and picked up by the schooner. It would seem, however, that the poor fellow had only escaped one danger to run into another; for the captain, on questioning him, and finding that he was a deserter, not being of those who think that a good action is its own reward, resolved upon obtaining the more tangible one of thirty dollars, the sum paid for the apprehension of a deserter, by delivering him up to the authorities as soon as they should arrive at New York. However, he concealed his design from his intended victim, to whom he appeared exceedingly kind and attentive, giving him a good stiff glass of grog, and some dry clothes to wear until his own were dried. On arriving at the wharf, he told him he had business ashore, and recommended him to stay where he was until evening, as there was danger of his being apprehended should he go on shore in daylight. At all events, he was not to think of going till he should return. So saying, and locking the cabin door upon the deserter, he went off to Gouverneur's Island to procure a party of soldiers for his apprehension.

"Meanwhile the deserter was not idle or asleep, and having 'smelt a rat' from the captain's manner, especially from the circumstance of his having locked the cabin-door, he resolved upon turning the tables upon him. The result of this resolution was, that on the return of the captain with a party of soldiers, he found that not only had he lost his trouble, but that during his absence his chest had been broken open and a considerable sum of money, together with a valuable lever silver watch, had been abstracted by the miserable-looking wretch on whom he had calculated for turning in thirty dollars. The captain, who looked extremely foolish, had evidently caught a Tartar instead of a deserter, being minus sixty, instead of plus thirty dollars, and in place of receiving sympathy was laughed at by all who heard the story."

A party of recruits, including our autobiographer, were now drafted off to Mexico to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle,' and amid the flutter of scarfs and handkerchiefs. The soldiers were a merry set, and not without intelligence.

"The fortunate few who could obtain books, were assiduous in their endeavours to convert the tedium of a sea voyage into a source of enjoyment, but unfortunately the supply of literature fell far short of the demand; the natural result followed; holders grew firm, and books were at an immense premium. I could scarce help fancying how exceedingly gratifying it would have been to the literary vanity of the authors of 'The Bloody Bandit of the Lion's Glen,' 'The Mysterious Hand,' and others of that genus, could they have witnessed the surprising request in which their productions were held, and the apparent gusto with which their intensely melo-dramatic scenes were devoured on board our vessel. It was truly wonderful the sudden change wrought in the value of scraps of printed paper; everything of which sort seemed to 'suffer a sea change into something rich and strange.' An old newspaper became suddenly invested with a remarkable degree of literary interest,

and a dozen would have bespoken, and be waiting in rotation for the perusal of the fragment of some old third-rate novel, or antediluvian magazine, as eagerly as the most impatient reader watches for his favourite monthly."

A daily newspaper was got up on board, the 'Journal of the Albatross,' after the style of those of the arctic navigators, though, of course, of very inferior merit:—

"To-morrow morning will appear the first number of a journal bearing the above title, to be published daily (weather permitting) at our office near the cook's galley on board of the *Albatross*. This journal will consist of at least eight quarto pages in legible handwriting: it will contain besides 'The News of the Day,' 'Critical Notices,' 'Letters of Correspondents,' and 'Advertisements,' a general summary of all the stirring and striking events, daily, hourly, and minutely acted and transacted, before the eyes, and as it were under the noses, of this strange conglomeration of unfortunate humanity now on board. Amalgamated, mixed up, and bound up, as it were in our fortunes, by the inextricable and inexplicable decrees of the three sisters, and the immutable and inscrutable workings of destiny, who in forging the chain of circumstances that at present surround us, has obviously decided that sink or swim, we should sail down the stream of time in this wooden prison for a certain period in company; it becomes us to make the term of confinement seem as short as possible. With a view to this result, several of the motley individuals forming part of the worshipful society here assembled, have come to the resolution of publishing this daily record of remarkable events and occurrences; for which contributions are respectfully solicited from all lovers of light literature. In the confident expectation of receiving the cordial support of the community, we have only to announce that contributions will be received at our office near the cook's galley, where terms of subscription and full particulars may be learned."

On landing at Tampa Bay, great curiosity was excited among the Indians, of whom those that remain are part of the tribe of Seminoles:—

"They were as tall on an average as the men of our regiment, and though not near so athletic or muscular, generally more graceful in personal appearance. They have more yellow than copper in their complexion, and have the high prominent cheek bones, and quick, furtive, and suspicious glance of the Indian race, that seems watching every moment to make a sudden spring in the event of any appearance of treachery. Some of their young squaws have a very pleasing expression of countenance, and I have seen one or two of these who I believe would be pronounced beautiful if compared with the prouder belles of European cities. The men, or warriors, walk with a most dignified and majestic carriage, and an air of stoical composure highly imposing. They wear mocassins made of deer-skin, and of their own manufacture, and go bare-legged in a short-sleeved sort of tunic, confined at the waist, and falling down nearly to the knees in the manner of a Highlander's kilt, to whose ancient costume that of the Florida Indians of the present day bears a considerable resemblance, especially when seen at a short distance. Some of them ornament their dress with beads and shells, which they sometimes wear in their hair also, and both men and women are fond of wearing large silver rings in their ears and through their nostrils.

"Parties of twenty or thirty of these strange-looking visitors frequently came into the village of Tampa Bay while we lay there. They were always accompanied by a sub-chief, a sort of lieutenant, who had charge of the party, and their object was to exchange deer-skins for powder and other necessary articles. They frequently brought a few turkeys or a few pieces of venison, part of the game they had shot as they came along; these they sold cheap enough, a turkey fetching a quarter, and a piece of venison of fifteen or twenty pounds' weight, a half-dollar. They always visited the barracks when they came to the village, walking

through the rooms and shaking hands with the soldiers in a perfectly friendly manner. None of them, however, understood English, and we were all equally ignorant of the Seminole; so that our discourse was necessarily limited to the language of pantomime, at which they seemed a vast deal more apt than our men. They showed us marks of gunshot wounds they had received in the Florida war on various parts of their bodies, pointing to our muskets at the same time and shaking their heads; and they seemed highly delighted when one or two of our soldiers, who had been in the Florida war, showed them similar marks, making signs that they had received them from the Indians."

A debating society was formed while the regiment lay at Tampa, and the autobiographer distinguished himself among his comrades in such discussions as "Whether is love or anger the most powerful passion?" The trump of war, however, summoned them forward:—

"The town of Tampico had a bustling and animated appearance while the troops remained in the vicinity; a band of music, furnished by each regiment in succession, playing in the main plaza for a few hours each evening, and the streets and houses of entertainment being thronged with officers and soldiers. The troops received two months' pay while we lay here, being paid up to the 1st January; there was consequently a good deal of money amongst the men for a few days. The larger portion of this soon found its way into the hands of the army followers, a sort of human vultures who followed the army all through the campaign, keeping hotels, called by the popular cognomens of 'The Palo Alto House,' 'The Rough and Ready Restaurant,' 'American Star Hotel,' &c.,—the whole stock-in-trade of said restaurants and hotels mostly consisting of a piece of villainously tough roasted or fried *carne* (beef), and a few dollars' worth of an abominable spirituous liquor called *aguardiente*. The Mexican shopkeepers were prohibited from selling spirits to the soldiers under the pain of a heavy penalty, but these camp followers were winked at by some means or other, and thus the scoundrels had a complete monopoly of the sale of liquor, and were permitted to poison and plunder the soldiers with impunity. In most of these houses gambling was incorporated with the business of selling liquor, two or three professional gamblers being usually the joint proprietors of these low concerns, where the most brutal riots, frequently resulting in loss of life, were of frequent occurrence. It would have considerably improved the *morale* of the army if these shops had been prohibited, and all citizens not in the employment of Government packed off to the States.

"A company of theatrical performers, who had been with General Taylor's army in Monterey and Matamoras, came down along with the division of troops which had just arrived, and were performing to good houses in town, the officers and soldiers crowding the theatre every night to overflowing."

The second volume brings us to the scene of action, and interesting details are given of the bombardment of Vera Cruz, the battle of Cerro Gordo, &c. The following is good descriptive writing for a private in the United States army, now, however, raised to the rank of corporal:—

"We marched considerably slower to-day, resting more frequently, and taking care that none of the men straggled to the rear. Our road to-day was over a level tract of country, containing some good rich soil, and for a distance of eight or ten miles we had a wood of very fine-looking timber on each side of the road. Fantastic draperies and festoons of flowing creepers and vines hung from the branches, and numerous beautiful parasitic plants climbed the trunks of trees in these woods. Many of the trees also bore magnificent flowering blossoms, and the whole air was redolent of their rich perfume. I was almost sorry when we emerged into the open light and air of the open country again, though knowing it to be infinitely more

healthy than the heavily-loaded and poisonous atmosphere of these delightful shades, in which, on account of their beauty, I could have lingered a little longer with pleasure.

"The precipitous banks of the river, rocky and ornamented with tufts of flowering shrubs shooting out from its fissures, and suggestive of broom and breckan, blue bells and heather, rendered the scene exceedingly like the section of a Scotch river glen. Indeed, I believe the most unimaginative Scotchman will hardly pass the National Bridge without feeling his native land suggested to memory by the similar characteristics of the scenery. The bridge is a very substantial and magnificent-looking structure, built of stone arches, through which rushes the clear and rapid stream over a fine pebbly channel. We halted here a considerable time, for the purpose of allowing the men to refresh themselves with the delicious sparkling water of the Rio Antiqua (Old River). We then marched through a village of huts which stood on each side of the road at the end of the bridge, the walls of which were canes and wooden poles, made into a sort of hurdles, and the roofs thatched with palm leaves. The village was shaded by some very fine minosas, and on a plain at the end of it we encamped for the night. The weather had been fine since we left Vera Cruz, and we had suffered no inconvenience from sleeping on the grass; my health had also materially improved, a result I had anticipated from the exercise of marching, which had always agreed with me. In the afternoon, my comrade Nutt and myself went down to the river and bathed, after which we washed our shirts and stockings, which soon dried in the hot sunshine."

Some hard fighting ensues, and many are the sad and lively descriptions of the fortune of war. We have only space for a couple of paragraphs:—

"A brisk fire of infantry opened upon us as we descended, and a few of our number dropped by the way; but we were in too great a hurry to stay and assist, or sympathise with wounded men just at that time. Bill Crawford, a Scotchman, and an old British soldier, with whom I had become acquainted at Vera Cruz, was going down the hill along with me; we were within a few yards of each other, when, recognising me, he called out, 'Ha! Geordie, man, hoo are ye this morning—this is gey hot work, hoo d'ye like this? Faith, Geordie! I doubt they've hit me,' he continued, as he sat down behind a rock, a musket ball having entered the calf of his leg. I asked him if he was badly hurt. 'I've gotten a scart that'll keep me frae gaun on; but Gude sake, man, dinna mind me, I've shelter here; and I ken ye'll no like to be the last gaun up the hill.' I had just jumped down four or five feet, when a rattle of grape that splintered a ledge of rock where I stood while talking to Bill, showed me the danger of delay. 'Ah! Geordie, a miss is as gude as a mile. Gude by; tak' tent o' yoursell; tell our folk where I'm sitting when it's ower,' cried the hearty old fellow, who had come through the Peninsula and Waterloo unhurt, to be wounded in this shabby affair, as I afterwards heard him express himself. It was not long till I reached the bottom of the hill. * * *

"There was another Mexican officer breathing his last, near a small stone building which the Mexicans had used for a magazine, and on which they had a flag when we carried the hill. He was wounded in the breast with a musket shot, and blood was oozing from his mouth. He was a large, stout-bodied man, and from the indications of Indian blood in his colour was evidently a Mexican, and not a pure Castilian like the other. A letter taken from his pocket contained his commission, dated only a few weeks before, and signed by Santa-Anna, by which it appeared that he was Diego Martinez, *Capitan de Infanteria*. He wore a gold chain about his neck, to which was attached a miniature picture of a very fine-looking child; we could trace no resemblance in the child's countenance to his, but then his features were distorted by pain. Poor fellow, if many of the Mexican officers had imitated his example, I believe we

should not have won the battle of Cerro Gordo so easily."

We conclude with a moral:—

"Shortly after our arrival at Jalapa, the Secretary of War, under the direction of the President, I suppose, sent instructions to General Scott, to commence taking provisions and forage for the subsistence of his troops wherever he could find them, without paying for the same. This they called making the war support itself, and said it was the only way to make the Mexican people anxious to end it, by making them feel its burden. With these most stupid and atrocious instructions, acting with sound policy, as well as from motives of justice and humanity, General Scott in the most explicit and decided terms refused to comply. He declared in his reply to the Secretary, that he would pay, or pledge the credit of the American Government for every farthing's worth of produce which the Mexicans should furnish the army while under his command. The good consequences of this just and honourable conduct were felt throughout the subsequent part of the campaign in the comparative ease with which we found supplies of all descriptions; and to the mild and mitigated form which the war assumed under this system, as compared with that to which another course would have led, the speedy and favourable conclusion of the war may be partly attributed."

The author returned to New York with his regiment in 1848, and after remaining in garrison for two years in Governor's Island, for the period of his enlistment, received his discharge. That he should have since occupied himself in writing this intelligent account of his campaigns is honourable alike to his abilities and to his discretion.

Paris after Waterloo. Notes taken at the time, and hitherto unpublished. By James Simpson, Esq. Blackwood and Sons.

MR. SIMPSON, then a young advocate at the Scottish bar, was one of the multitude of British travellers who flocked to Belgium and to Paris after the battle of Waterloo. He published soon afterwards a narrative of his 'Visit to Flanders and the Field,' a book the popularity of which was attested by its passing rapidly through many editions. Notes were also taken of his subsequent visit to Paris, which now, after an interval of thirty-seven years, are given to the public, with a new edition, the tenth, of the 'Visit to Flanders.' Much of the new matter contains descriptions of events and scenes with which all readers are familiar. The account of Paris and its sights is in great measure what may be found in ordinary journals of travels and in tourists' guide-books, but there is also much that has interest unabated by time, and even increased by recent changes on the Continent. But the parts of the narrative most worthy of attention are those which refer to the scenes in the French capital during the occupation of the allied armies under the Duke of Wellington. Those notices, written at the time and on the spot, have a freshness and liveliness which cannot fail to please many readers. As a specimen of the author's subjects and style, we quote part of his account of a great ball given by the Duke, who then resided at Marshal Junot's palace in the Place Vendôme:—

"We were fortunately early, and no very illustrious visitor had yet arrived. As we gazed with intense curiosity at the door, nobles, statesmen, generals, marshals, entered it in rapid succession. Schwarzenberg, Benningsen, Bulow, Platoff, Prince Wrede the hero of Hanau, Barclay de Tolly, the warriors; with Castlereagh, Metternich, Nesselrode, Humboldt, the diplomatists, passed us, announced in

French. The company included, as might be expected, every British officer of distinction. Amidst a splendid display of scarlet, mingled with rich foreign uniforms, was a profusion of the uniform of Austria, which, being white, gives its wearers, to a British eye, the appearance of the musicians of a band. Diamonds blazed, and stars, crosses, and ribbons were seen in every direction. 'Son Altesse le Prince de Benevento' was announced, and for the first time I saw, close to me, the celebrated Talleyrand. The wily politician's appearance surprised us all. It did not indicate that superior talent and vigour which had politically survived repeated revolutions, and warned Napoleon himself of the commencement of the downward movement which hurried him to his fate. All seemed old-beau-like about him—a powdered, old-fashioned gentleman, something younger, but much resembling Lord Ogilby in the play, and as unfit apparently to govern the diplomacy of Europe. But we did not allow his countenance to go unscrutinized; and we saw, or thought we saw, in its very calm and mildness, the practised tranquillity of the prince of diplomatists. The Duke of Otranto, Fouché, soon followed, and we beheld the minister of police, the mover of the most tremendous engine of tyranny known to modern times. He looked the office well, and it was very exciting to see, almost to touch, a man whose name had exercised a sway of terror not exceeded by Napoleon's own. A bustling cortège of officers and aides-de-camp, with a veteran at their head, were explained by the announcement, 'Son Altesse Sérénissime le Prince Blucher.' On his entry there was a rush to gaze upon him, and a strong feeling experienced when the Duke of Wellington met him half-way down the saloon, with a hearty shake of both hands. Walter Scott was, I remember, moved to tears, and said to me, 'Look at that—a few weeks ago these two men delivered Europe.'

"One of the most striking and significant features of the scene was the appearance of a portrait of Napoleon, which had been recently finished for Junot, and was left leaning against the wall in one of the rooms. The Duke, with true magnanimity, had allowed this picture to remain; so that the fallen emperor also seemed to form a part of the company. I saw the King of Prussia and one or two other personages, whose fates had been strangely connected with his, stand for a few seconds before the portrait, and make a few remarks on the fidelity of the likeness. At this time the original was on his passage to St. Helena, dis-crowned and a prisoner, while here was one of his palaces occupied in triumph by his conquerors, men who, a few months before, would have given him one of the earth's best kingdoms; but had now put his neck beneath their yoke, and were employing themselves in criticising his portrait, which was all that remained of him. Can such vicissitudes of fortune ever again be witnessed on earth! Walter Scott observed to me, that if he should venture, in fiction, to depict such a scene as was here presented to our eyes, with all its circumstances and associations, brilliant, noble, and affecting, he should be charged with unpardonable exaggeration. When wearied to a certain degree with the feelings excited by what we saw in the rooms, we strayed out into the gardens, which were lighted up gorgeously, in a serene starry night, and enlivened by the performance of jugglers and *grimacers*. A sumptuous supper was spread out in the gardens under elegant awnings, and, on returning into the rooms, we learned that the banquet had just been announced. I made an effort to enter the grand *salle-à-manger*, where I expected to see the Duke presiding over monarchs and princes; but it was already full, and I failed. Disappointed, I went into a small room close at hand, where supper was spread on several small round tables. At the next to that where I was seated, sat two very beautiful Englishwomen of high fashion, Lady W. W. and Lady C. L., keeping a chair vacant between them. In a few minutes the Duke of Wellington himself looked into the room, when the ladies called to him that they had kept a place for him. He joined them, passing so

close to where I sat, that I rose and put my chair under the table to let him pass, for which he thanked me. When he had taken his seat, I could not help remarking—for such things had then a strange interest—that, over his head, by mere accident, was a bust of Napoleon. The *trio* were presently joined by Walter Scott, of whom I had for some time lost sight, and the *four* formed a very merry supper party. I could not help hearing their conversation, for it was rather loud, but there were no state secrets in it. Lady C. L. startled us by an occasional scream. What became of the Crowned heads and their supper, I never heard or inquired. About four in the morning, I again came in contact with Mr. Scott, who said he was quite worn out with excitement; and, presuming I was in no better condition, proposed that we should walk home together. I at once complied, and left the extraordinary scene as one awakes from a splendid dream—a dream never to be forgotten.

"Next day, when I came to thank my friend Sir John Malcolm, I naturally asked him how he had got me an invitation, after all. He said he had made one more attack upon the Duke, who answered, 'If you will show me how my rooms can be made to hold more people than they will hold, you shall have tickets for all the surplus.' My friend replied, with that readiness for which he stood unrivalled, 'I will tell you how your rooms will hold more than they will hold: light up your gardens as we used to do in India, and put a juggler or two and a punchinello into them, to draw out the crowd.' 'It shall be done,' rejoined the Duke, and the result was a hundred or two additional tickets. The effect was as anticipated. One-third of the company was always in the gardens, and a large portion of them supped there."

The caricatures of that day are described with much liveliness:—

"The English dress is much ridiculed, and most impudently exaggerated. It is nevertheless most laughably caricatured. * * * The allied costumes have all been ridiculed by the frivolous people whom they have humiliated. Many sketches of the Highlanders have appeared; none of them, however, are caricatured, but very respectful portraits, if we except the irresistible subject of their scanty clothing, with the concomitant idea of the possibility of high winds. The supposed crisis has not escaped the pencil. Buonaparte, in his disgrace, is an inexhaustible theme. I observed one in which they call him 'the new Cæsar,'—'I came, I saw, I fled.'"

To the 'Visit to Waterloo,' Mr. Simpson appends a supplementary chapter, entitled 'Reflections in 1852.' The present state of the Continent is described, with special reference to the possibility of renewed war, and the conflict once more of English and French power. We are happy to find that Mr. Simpson, who for many years has been a conspicuous leader of the school of social and political reformers, has not embraced the absurd dogmas of the Peace Society. He writes on this subject as a sensible as well as patriotic man. After referring to the frequent threats of the French one day "wiping out the disgrace of Waterloo," Mr. Simpson says:—

"Pity it is that the *morale* of other nations is yet so low, that, in order to avert such an evil, England must, at an enormous expense, lost to the objects of peace, be prepared for it. It is humiliating to think that we cannot even yet trust our neighbours, however ourselves indisposed to, and, I trust, incapable of, aggressive war. But ten thieves in a city will prevent the disbanding of the police. In our near neighbourhood there are half a million of men armed and trained for the sole purpose of blood and murder and rapine, who, to keep their 'hands in,' scrupled not to massacre their own unoffending countrymen. Seeing that their head is a man who, as a late writer of his own country said of him, looks drowsily one way, and springs vivaciously on his object the other, let

us 'keep our powder dry.' Let us look on Waterloo as our Palladium—not of vain-glory, but of peace; resolved that, if it shall ever be called for, it shall be fought again. Let its details, horrifying as they are, but full of lessons of steadfastness and virtue, be studied by the youthful soldiers of England, whose fathers fought it; and, alike sacred in their memory the battle and its departed hero, may their watchword, in the hour of their country's danger, be 'Waterloo and Wellington!' Once more, be this my apology for reviving the history of that memorable day."

From the narrative of the visit to Paris one might give many amusing extracts, but we are satisfied with commending the book as one which the reader will be pleased with from its style as well as its subjects. If there appears in some parts rather much of egotism, and occasional frivolity of description, let it be remembered that the notes were penned at the time by the author, then young; and in now publishing them as originally written, he has rightly judged that the freshness of a contemporary diary would be far more acceptable than any more formal narrative.

NOTICES.

The Church before the Flood. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

THIS volume contains a series of pulpit discourses preached in the ordinary course of the author's ministrations in Crown-court Scotch Church, London. Parts of the early Old Testament history are expounded, and applied to the illustration of evangelical doctrine. The author's style is more adapted for a mixed audience than for perusal by the educated or the learned. As long as he keeps to plain Bible truths and ordinary illustrations, his clear statements and lively style are pleasant and instructive, but whenever he attempts to deal with matters of research or science he falls into sad confusion and error. With him "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." In noticing formerly a lecture delivered in Exeter Hall on the connexion of science and religion ('L. G.' 1851, p. 376), we pointed out some of the strange blunders into which Dr. Cumming had fallen, through meddling with subjects which he did not understand. Similar errors appear in these sermons; but on the whole he keeps more to doctrinal and practical themes, and less frequently ventures on flights beyond his powers. As an eloquent expositor of Scriptural and Protestant truth, Dr. Cumming is one of the most popular preachers of the day; and many who listen to his discourses from the pulpit, with others who have not the opportunity of doing so, will be pleased to possess in this volume a collection of some of his ablest sermons on subjects of no ordinary interest. Many of the passages rise to the height of true eloquence, and those parts of the volume which bear upon controversial subjects display much polemical tact and ability.

The Vale of Lanherne, and other Poems. By H. Sewall Stokes. A New Edition, with additions. Longman and Co.

'THE Vale of Lanherne' is a descriptive poem, in which Cornish scenery, customs, and history, are sung in Spenserian rhyme. Part of the poem is mere metrical topography, and few but local readers will be touched by the descriptions of 'foam-wreathed Mellynheyl,' 'Saint Ia's cliffs,' and other Celtic localities. But there are also fine passages, full of poetic fervour and beauty, and displaying considerable skill and taste in the management of the verse. Three stanzas relating the death of the last of the Cornish 'wreckers' will show the style of the author. It is after a shipwreck:—

"Below was seen descending to the beach,
By stealthy paths, a rogue of olden time;
Now lost a moment 'neath the rocky reach—
Emerging to the view, now see him climb
Round the bare cliff with ease: grey locks begrime
His weather-beaten and ill-favour'd face,
Where wrinkles register long years of crime.
Now on the sands he steps with bolder pace,
And prowls along the shore, last of his felon race."

"But shatter'd spars the hoary wrecker finds;
He seizes one, and up the steep ascends:
Slow with his prize along the crags he winds—
When hark! what shout the echoing sea-shore sends!
From every crag a form indignant bends,
With threatening missiles; swift the worthless prize
Clatters adown the cliff, the plunderer ends
His feat rough tumbling in the surf, then lies
Along the slimy rocks, while peals of laughter rise.
"Not to be baffled thus, the wary wretch
Loiter'd remote till day began to wane;
Then, where the sands toward the Towan stretch,
Was seen the miscreant's crouching form again:
Night's shadows deepen'd, loud the unwearied Main
In tumult rose along that dismal coast;
And when the morning dawn'd, the startled swain
Descried upon the angry breakers toss'd
A mangled corse—that night the unpitied man was lost."

The miscellaneous poems are of very various metre and merit. The light lively songs please us most, being simpler in language than verses of the kind usually are. Of the additional pieces, now first printed, we give three sonnets on 'Great Men':—

"THE WORLD'S GREAT MEN."

"THEY say the great men of the World are few:
Cyrus was call'd the Great; so Philip's son;
Like title Alfred bore, and Cromwell won:
And Louis and Napoleon claim'd it too;
And glory be to whom is glory due!
Some greater call the blind old Chian bard,
And him whose lyre for epic fame strove hard,
Yoking the Olympic couriers as they flew;
Him next, whose dust sleeps at Parthenope;
Then the stern Tuscan who saw Virgil's shade,
With him who sang the Holy City free,
And Nature's child on Avon's banks who stray'd;
Nor least, who sightless found lost Paradise:
That these are the World's great men none denies."

"YET GREATER MEN."

"YET greater men, perchance, are those whose names
Never yet reached Fame's lofty vestibule:
Meek pupils of Adversity's hard school,
None cares to note their unobtrusive aims,
Their silent sorrows and unassuming claims.
In garret chill, in cell deep under ground,
May noblest magnanimity be found;
The fortitude oppression never tames;
The resignation that with fearful eye
Still upward looks in child-like confidence;
The love that waiteth till the latest sigh;
The charity that suffers long offence;
The honesty that is not to be bribed:
These, these will be in heaven's high roll inscribed."

"GREAT AND GOOD."

Nov. 18, 1852.

"BUT some there are who stand alone in glory,
Like mountains rising o'er the level earth;
We gaze and wonder at their lustrous worth,
Each like a light on some high promontory.
Oh! such was he the Warrior-Statesman hoary,
For whom his Queen's, his Country's tears are shed,
Now number'd with the World's heroic dead,
Whose names are written in immortal story.
With reverent awe, 'neath England's loftiest Dome,
Around his bier Earth's gather'd chieftains stood,
And all pronounced him brave, and wise, and good;
The guiltless Julius of a mightier Rome;
Supreme in council, as in action great;
True to his God, his Sovereign, and the State."

Rough and rude as parts of these sonnets are, they do utter an intelligible meaning in decent verse, which we find rarely to be the case in the poetry of the present day. Although Mr. Stokes will not gain a name among English poets, his book is honourable to the peculiarly British county of which we suppose he is a native, and we are glad to hear so melodious 'a voice from the Land's End.' The volume is illustrated by some beautiful lithograph engravings by C. Haghe, from designs by J. G. Philp.

An Inquiry into Human Nature. By John G. Macvicar, D.D. Sutherland and Knox.

THE range of subjects in this volume is of vast extent, but not of a kind to admit of more than passing notice in our columns. Although bearing the modest title of 'An Inquiry into Human Nature,' Dr. Macvicar's book contains an outline of the complete sciences of mental and of moral philosophy, as these are usually handled in the professorial courses in the Scottish universities. Of the Scotch school of Reid, Dugald Stewart, and Sir William Hamilton, the author is a disciple, but he writes in an independent spirit, showing a thorough acquaintance with other metaphysical systems, and being well versed in the history and literature of his subject. The concluding chapter, on 'The Philosophy of Common Sense,' contains some admirable remarks on the Scotch metaphysicians, also

the German doctrines of Kant and his followers. Altogether it is a masterly treatise, and is the more creditable to the ability and diligence of the author in its having been written while engaged during the intervals of his professional duty as a chaplain in the tropical climate of Ceylon.

The Key to the Mystery. By Edward Richter, of Nantes, U.S. Vol. II. of 'The Spiritual Library.' John Chapman.

It puzzles us sorely to make out who are the readers of books like those which Mr. Chapman is publishing in his 'Spiritual Library.' In these busy times of railroads, and emigration, and joint-stock companies, and all sorts of agitation, social, political, religious, and female as well as male, there are still multitudes who find leisure to pore over volumes of the most dreamy speculations, the bearing of which on either sublunary or celestial affairs it is impossible to perceive. We lately noticed with astonishment that the voluminous works of Emanuel Swedenborg are being reprinted in London, a commercial undertaking which could only be supported by a large body of subscribers and readers. People will subscribe for any nonsense, especially after a public dinner such as was enjoyed by the supporters of the Swedenborg press ('L. G.' 1852, p. 482). But it is more surprising that there are readers for such books, as is evidently the case from the publication of similar works in cheap series, such as Chapman's 'Spiritual Library.' 'The Key to the Mystery' is a treatise, after Swedenborg, of the emblematic language of the Apocalypse. The editor tells us that "Swedenborg derived his knowledge from vision, ecstasis, or clairvoyance,—in short, communication with the spiritual world. St. John asserts that he was in this state when he beheld the scenes which he has described in the Book of Revelation, and it therefore seems natural that one who like him enjoyed this closer communication with the Almighty and his angelic ministers, should be best fitted to convey the meaning of these emblematic pictures to us." To those who have leisure for such speculations, or curiosity to know the results of them in the followers of Swedenborg, we commend Mr. Richter's 'Key to the Mystery,' a volume neither so tedious or unintelligible as such spiritual treatises usually are. In fact, it is painful to see so much learning and taste applied to speculations so objectless and mystical.

Reynard the Fox. After the German Version of Goethe. Part I. With Illustrations by J. Wolf. Pickering.

HAVING recently ('L. G.' 1852, p. 789) noticed the far-famed and wide-spread story of Reynard the Fox, on the occasion of a new prose version by David Vedder, we must dismiss with briefer notice this new metrical version, which is after the German of Goethe. Part of the accusation brought against Reynard before the king of beasts by the cock, will give favourable ideas of the author's style:—

"We ventured forth; and habit, more than fear,
Kept us at first to the old convent near.
Reynard we daily saw near our abode;
It seem'd some bus'ness led him oft that road;
His looks were ever bent upon the ground,
As though his mind were lost in thought profound;
Or, if he chanc'd our Family to see,
It was 'Goode'en' and 'Benedicite';
And he would tell his beads and seem to pray,
And smite his breast, and so pass on his way.
Now, bolder grown, we further went abroad,
In search of pleasure and our daily food.
Ah! fatal error! from behind a bush
Reynard among us made a sudden rush.
Scatt'ring and squand'ring to the left and right,
Tow'rd our old home we took our screaming flight,
In vain, alas! our Foe was there before;
In threat'ning guise he barred us from the door:
With surer aim this time he bore away
Of all my Sons the fairest as his prey!
And I was there, and impotent to save!
My Son! my Son! my Beautiful, my Brave!
And now he once had tasted of our blood,
It seem'd he had disdained all other food:
At all times came he on us—night and day—
Nor Dogs, nor Men, nor gates, kept him away.
Of all mine Offspring I'm well nigh bereft;
Five, out of twenty, all that now are left:
With grief and terror I am all but wild;
Soon will he leave me neither Chick nor Child.

Oh, give me justice! 'twas but yesterday
He tore my Daughter from my side away;
Villain! without or pity or remorse:
The Dogs were but in time to save her corpse.
See, there she lies! my Child whom Reynard slew!
Help me, or he will have the Others too!
Oh! Cock-a-doodle, cock-a-doodle doo!"

A specimen is given in the first part, of the illustrations of the work by J. Wolf, who designs with ability, and fully enters into the spirit of his subject.

The Experience of Life. By the Author of 'Amy Herbert,' 'Journal of a Summer Tour,' &c. Longman and Co.

How much of this book is a real description of persons and events, or how much is the invention of fiction, it is not easy to gather from the narrative. The very fact of this difficulty is a good testimony to the merit of the work as a literary performance. The authoress tells the story of an English family in a quiet ordinary sphere of life, no incidents being described but what might happen in a thousand other circles of similar station in society. In point of practical usefulness such a book is far superior to tales which have greater concentration of interest, and which seek either to startle or to please by scenes of unusual occurrence. The narrative, as it proceeds, is perpetually bringing up familiar characters and circumstances, and thereby affords continual lessons either for warning or example. The same good sense and excellent spirit which pervade other works of the same writer are found in 'The Experience of Life.' If there are not any personages of romantic or remarkable interest, there is a great variety of more ordinary characters introduced to the reader, and the pleasant style and genial feeling of the authoress prevent any wearisomeness from the ordinary nature of the scenes and incidents which she describes. For those young people whose tastes are not spoiled by exciting tales of fiction, this will be found a pleasant as well as a profitable volume. There are few things that occur in every-day life, on which the author does not present in the course of the narrative her opinion and advice. Her remarks on education and the formation of character are especially valuable. On love, marriage, amusements, religion, and other important subjects, the author writes wisely and well.

SUMMARY.

AN American author, Donald Macleod, whether a son of the soil or a Scottish emigrant is not stated, has written a new *Life of Sir Walter Scott*. It does not claim originality, but professes to be a compilation from the 'Life' by Lockhart, from Allan Cunningham's 'Biography,' and Washington Irving's 'Sketch of Abbotsford.' The compilation is made in a judicious way, the author confining himself to matters illustrating the personal character and life of Scott, without entering into criticism of his writings. The manageable size of the volume is one of its chief recommendations. It is likely to be widely read in America, and the length and style of Lockhart's 'Life' have left ample scope for its circulation among certain circles in this country. In the story of Scott's life his ruling passion throughout was ambition, not of literary fame but of social position. To be a border laird, and the founder of a family of Scotts of Abbotsford, was his chief end as a man. The disappointment of so much ambition and so much promise, will in future times be a memorable instance of instability of earthly fortune and of 'the vanity of human wishes.'

In Bohn's 'Scientific Library' the *Bridgewater Treatises* are continued, the last being that of Dr. Chalmers, 'On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man.' To the volume is prefixed a biographical memoir of Chalmers by Dr. Cumming, a meagre and superficial sketch of about thirty pages, in which the writer has had the bad taste to vilify the subject of his memoir, on account of differences in his views of ecclesiastical polity. Dr. Chalmers is represented as a dupe and a dotard. "In church politics," Dr. Cumming says, "he could be dazzled

by a crotchet, and led about, the almost unquestioning victim of subtle and unscrupulous spirits;" and referring to Hanna's 'Life,' he says, "his biographer would have done well to close at the third volume, and to have left to the inquisition of future ages the sour and unhealthy controversies forced upon a genial spirit at the sacrifice of past consistency and present peace." Those who know the story of Dr. Chalmers's life, and the part taken by Dr. Cumming in the controversies referred to, will understand the discreditable way in which advantage has been taken of a biographical memoir for making such assertions.

Under the title of *A Stranger Here*, is published a biographical memoir of a lady distinguished for piety, by the Rev. Horatius Bonar, of Kelso. It contains matter which bears on spiritual health and religious culture. The subject of the memoir was of a delicate constitution, otherwise, in the case of the soul as in that of body, such perpetual poring over symptoms, and consultations of advisers, is very dangerous for health and happiness, compared with energy and work in Christian and philanthropic objects. Mr. Bonar is the author of many useful and popular works, his style having an agreeable union of manly vigour and plaintive seriousness. An amusing American book, by Edwin T. Freedley, is entitled *A Practical Treatise on Business; or, How to Get Money*. The reader will be disappointed who looks for advice as to particular ways of investing money or increasing his income. There is nothing said about Californian shares or Pennsylvania bonds. The author deals chiefly with the ethics of his subject, and the advices are of the most general nature. Business men will find much to study and consider in Mr. Freedley's treatise, and to young men entering into life a more useful book of its kind could not be offered. In the appendix, among other documents, are given some shrewd practical maxims by the enterprising and successful Mr. Barnum. On the questions of the influence of the recent discoveries of gold on currency and commerce, an important paper by M. Michel Chevalier, *Remarks on the Production of the Precious Metals, and on the Depreciation of Gold*, is translated by D. Forbes Campbell, Esq. M. Chevalier is the first authority in France on political and financial economy, and his views are worthy of attention. He differs from another high French authority, M. Léon Faucher, whose treatise on the same subject has recently been translated by Mr. Thomson Hankey, Governor of the Bank of England. M. Chevalier thinks that the gold discoveries will have great and speedy influence on European currency and commerce. It is shown that gold must soon decrease much in value, and Mr. Campbell urges the necessity of the silver currency being debased, as a temporary remedy for the inconveniences that will be found in the relative value of the two metals. The introductory lectures delivered at Marlborough House at the commencement of the present session, by Mr. Henry Cole and Mr. Richard Redgrave, are published by authority, entitled, *Addresses of the Superintendents of the Department of Practical Art*. The objects and advantages of the institution are ably described, with many interesting illustrations and useful comments by the learned lecturers.

For young people a little book of anecdotes and descriptions of natural history is published under the odd title of *The Four Little Wise Ones*, the four being Ants, Conies, Locusts, and Spiders, which are mentioned together in a passage in the book of Proverbs, ch. xxx. 24—28. The book contains a large amount of curious matter, compiled from scientific treatises and popular travels. *Nina: a Tale for the Twilight*, by the author of 'The Story of a Family,' and other popular works, is distinguished from a multitude of similar tales by the scenes being laid in romantic Spain, in the days when Christian and Moslem dwelt together in the land. The story is good, and pleasantly told; and though the characters and incidents are nothing extraordinary, such names as Inez, and Alvar, and Nina, afford variety from the common stock of the personages of minor fiction. A book imported from America treats of the relations of religion and

politics, being entitled *Politics for American Christians*, the author showing how Christian principles ought to bear on trade, elections, education, and other matters of social and political importance. The book contains severe strictures on the spirit by which Congress is often animated in dealing with such questions, and offers suggestions for the better guidance of American affairs.

Of books of poetry, a little volume by Westby Gibson, *Forest and Fireside Hours*, is worthy of distinguished notice. To the readers of the 'Literary Gazette' the writer is not unknown, a poem by him having appeared in our columns several years since, 'The Fall of the Leaf.' This is reprinted in the present collection, with a variety of other pieces, all of them composed, as the author mentions in his preface, during early life. Some allowances being made for juvenile feelings and inexperience, the poetry is very superior to most that appears in the present day, and gives promise of future excellence. We do not find detached passages suitable for quotation, but we recommend the book as worthy of the perusal of all lovers and patrons of genuine poetry. The two longest pieces, 'The Slave Trade,' and 'The Early Violet,' are noble in their sentiments and fine in their poetic utterances. Another volume of *Poems, Sacred and Miscellaneous*, by Henry Grazebrook, is equally good in sentiment and spirit, but sadly deficient in taste and art. The versification is feeble, and only escapes our severe criticism from the piety and good intentions apparent in the author.

Among recent educational works we may name, in Arnold's Series of School Classics, *The Hippolytus of Euripides*, with English notes, from the German of Wintzschel, translated by the Rev. R. A. Webster. The text chiefly followed is that of Dindorf. It is an excellent school edition of the play. Of *Bellerophon's One Hundred Choice French Fables*, a new edition appears, revised and corrected by C. J. Delille, Professor at Christ Church School, whose editorial approbation of the book is sufficient guarantee as to its being a useful class-book for beginners in learning the French language. A dictionary of the words and idiomatic phrases is appended to the volume. In the School Series, edited by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., Inspector-General of Army Schools, a *History of Rome*, by the Rev. R. W. Brown, M.A., is published, containing a very good summary of Roman history, down to the fall of the empire.

The number of tales and other minor works of fiction recently published compels us to dismiss with brief commendatory notice a story by the Rev. H. Hayman, *Retail Mammon*; or, *The Pawnbroker's Daughter*, containing many admirable sketches of life and character, hit off in a light and agreeable style. There is a tendency to caricature in some parts, and rather strong representations of persons and things opposed to the author's views and opinions, but on the whole the work abounds in truthful and graphic delineations of modern English society. The book is very cleverly written, and with considerable dramatic effect, as might be expected from the author of 'The Dialogues of the Early Church.' Another tale, *The Heir of Redclyffe*, by the author of 'The Two Guardians,' 'The Kings of England,' &c., is not so ably written, but also presents many life-like sketches of character, and well-described scenes, of a kind more commonly met with in works of fiction. A two-volume novel, by Emilie Hygare Carlen, *The Lovers' Stratagem*; or, *The Two Suitors*, deals with passions and events common to all countries, while the story may be attractive to English readers from the scenes being laid in the unusual region of Smaland. There is something fresh for novel readers in the very name of the heroine, Miss Wilhelmina Von Stalkrona.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Adcock's Engineer's Pocket Book, 1853, foolscap 8vo, 6s.
Agular's Home Influence, 5th edition, 12mo, cloth, 6s. 6d.
—Mother's Recompense, 3rd edition, 12mo, cloth, 7s.
Alexander's (A.) Outlines of Moral Science, 12mo, cl., 6s.
Arnold's Selections from Cicero, 12mo, cloth, 5s. 6d.
—Sophocles, Part 5, Antigone, 12mo, cloth, 4s.
Autographs for Freedom, by Mrs. Stowe and others, 4s.
Bowdler's Family Shakespeare, Vol. 4, foolscap 8vo, 6s.
Cook's (Eliza) Poems, Vol. 4, 12mo, cloth, 5s.

Cordery's (E.) Father Reeve, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
Daisy Burns, 3 vols., post 8vo, cloth, £1 11s. 6d.
Decision, by Grace Kennedy, 12th edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d.
Foster's (B.) Boyhood of Great Men, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Fowell's (S.) Treatise on Dentistry, crown 4to, cloth, 4s.
Gore's (Mrs.) Dean's Daughter, 3 vols., post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.
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Universal History on Scripture Principles, 6 vols., £1 11s. 6d.
Vanity Fair, new edition, crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
Webb's Martyrs of Carthage, new edition, fcap. 8vo, 7s. 6d.
Wetherell's Wide Wide World, foolscap 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
—Illustrated, post 8vo, 6s.
Wharton's Exposition of Laws Relating to Women, 15s.
Williams's (Joshua) Law of Personal Property, 8vo, 16s.

DR. PEREIRA, F.R.S.

To the already long list of members of the Royal Society deceased since the last election, we have now to add the honoured name of Jonathan Pereira. While referring some six weeks since to a specimen in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, Dr. Pereira had the misfortune, by a fall on the staircase, to rupture one of the extensor muscles of the thigh. Though unable to move about without assistance, he was scarcely affected in health by the accident, and it appeared to be comparatively of little moment, but on the night of Thursday the 20th instant, upon being lifted into bed, the patient suddenly raised himself, exclaiming, "I have ruptured a vessel of the heart," and died in half an hour.

Dr. Pereira was the distinguished and highest representative of that science which involves the history, properties, and uses of drugs, better known on the Continent than in England by its name of Pharmacology. At the recent meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science at Wiesbaden, there was a Pharmacological Section specially devoted to the subject, attended by upwards of two hundred members. 'The Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics,' to which Dr. Pereira gave the best years of his life, is considered to be one of the most elaborate and thoroughly worked-out productions of modern science. Compared with similar pharmaceutical works of France and Germany, it is remarkable for its diversity of character, excelling greatly in the amount of commercial and other practical information, in the preciseness and value of its notes, and in the scrupulous exactness with which its statements are authenticated by references to their original source. Where obscurity attached to any statement, the author was careful to express it with a mark of doubt. As a painstaking and conscientious writer Dr. Pereira was unsurpassed, and his work contains nothing that may not be thoroughly relied on for its accuracy. He added largely to the botany of pharmacy. Some of our readers may not be aware that there are many drugs in common use for medicinal purposes of which the species of plant producing them is still unknown. The plants affording the various kinds of Rhubarb and Sarsaparilla have not to this day been satisfactorily determined. To other sciences allied and bearing upon pharmacy Dr. Pereira also applied himself with especial vigour. He was an industrious investigator of the phenomena of polarized

light, with reference to its use in the analysis of pharmaceutical agents, in the distinguishing of oils, and in the detection of adulterations; and his 'Lectures on Polarization' published shortly after their delivery before the Pharmaceutical Society, attest the extent and accuracy of his knowledge on this abstruse branch of science. We are not aware that Dr. Pereira added anything new to the results of optical research, but he greatly improved several of the instruments employed in connexion with the polariscope and microscope.

Dr. Pereira was occupied in completing the third edition of his 'Materia Medica' at the time of his decease. The first volume was published in 1849, and in 1850, owing to the length to which the work had already extended, the author determined upon publishing a portion only of Vol. II., the remainder of which remains to be printed. It has been translated into German, and is universally allowed to be the best and most trustworthy book on medicinal substances that has been written. Another work of high repute by the same author is 'A Treatise on Food and Diet,' and he contributed largely to the Pharmaceutical Journal and Transactions.

The energetic and useful life of Dr. Pereira presents an admirable model for the example of those who are entering upon the pursuit of science, and desire to do good work. He was an early riser, of quick business habits, and remarkable for his promptness and rapidity of action. He manifested great willingness at all times to impart to others the knowledge he himself possessed. No matter how great an expenditure of labour and patient scrutiny any information cost him, he was ever ready to communicate it; and up to the day preceding his death he was in the habit of corresponding fully on subjects on which his opinions were solicited. Another fine trait in his character was his ready expressions of thankfulness, at all times and under all circumstances, for the smallest favour that contributed to his researches. The presentation of any specimen of drug or plant was responded to on the instant with grateful acknowledgment; and whether it proved to be insignificant or of value, the intention was alike prized. Dr. Pereira was reckoned by pharmacologists both at home and abroad to be pre-eminent in his science, and he was equally beloved by all. He was a corresponding member of the Society of Pharmacy of Paris, and of other foreign scientific bodies, and Professor of Materia Medica to the Pharmaceutical Society of London, but his main professional occupation was that of Physician to the London Hospital. He was elected a Fellow of the Linnean Society in 1828, and of the Royal Society in 1838. He was a man of large and powerful stature, of pleasing expression of countenance, and in the 49th year of his age. He was buried on Thursday at the cemetery of Kensal Green, in the presence of a large number of his pupils.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION OF AMERICA.

At the present moment, when the condition of our Learned Societies is an object of serious consideration with the scientific public, and we hope with the legislature, the following account of the Smithsonian Institution of America, which furnishes some valuable and useful hints, will be read with interest. It is from the letter of a correspondent at Washington, under date October 6th, 1852, addressed to the 'New York Daily Times':—

"The Smithsonian Institution has always been ready and active in aiding the general interests of science. The single subject of meteorology will serve as an example. The Institution has a corps of trained, intelligent men, between two and three hundred in number, extended over the entire continent, and making frequent observations—many with standard instruments. All the observations at the military posts and naval stations, as well as in the vessels of the mercantile and government marine (through the Observatory), are freely at its command, and are used. The States of Massachusetts and New York pay men to observe, and furnish instruments for observation, whose results are transmitted to it. The returns for each month

fill a large folio volume. Nor does this matter accumulate unused. A competent gentleman has been long engaged in jotting down the observations for particular days of interest, upon a large physical map of North America and the Atlantic Ocean, developing laws of great importance, which would have been presented at this year's meeting of the American Association, had it taken place. No institution nor government in the world is now doing anything like as much for meteorology as the Smithsonian. It has planned and executed the great system of observations, has imported standard instruments, and rated and constructed hundreds of barometers and thermometers, used all over the continent. It has published full directions for observing, has now in press a series of hygrometrical, barometrical, hypsometrical, and many other tables of prime importance, amounting to upwards of three hundred pages. This, and much more, for meteorology alone.

"The missionary and philologist have their works on the Dakota and Choctaw languages, of much importance as a means of civilizing the Indians.

"The astronomer has his annual occultations of fixed stars for determining the longitude, published by the Institution, and used throughout North America for the advancement of geographical knowledge—these almost the first of their kind in this country. He has the memoir, ephemeris, and history of Neptune—three works known the world over. The geologist has his extraordinary fossil mammals and reptiles from the Upper Missouri, first developed by the Institution, and now publishing under its auspices. The geographer and naturalist have the report of Mr. Culbertson to the Institution, on the little known regions of the Upper Missouri; the results obtained by Wright, Fendler, and Lindheimer, in Texas and New Mexico, and of Adams in Jamaica, Cuba, and Panama—investigations all fostered by the Institution. Aid has been rendered to the astronomical expedition to Chili, in supplying expensive instruments indispensable to success, at a time when no funds were forthcoming for their purchase. Nor can I omit the explorations of the remarkable antiquities of the West, for the first time presented in a proper form and in authentic history by the Smithsonian. In fact, there is no interest of science in its broadest sense which is not protected by the Institution. Look, for instance, at what the librarian is doing in the way of spreading information and of simplifying the great labour of cataloguing, as shown in the reports on cataloguing and on libraries. As also at his grand idea of stereotyping the titles of books separately, so as to be used in many different combinations, as well as in publishing catalogues of any or all libraries throughout the country at a trifling cost, not to mention his general catalogue of all the books in the United States. Take, too, the matter of foreign exchange as well as domestic. This summer the Institution sent to Europe, Asia, and Africa, the following amount of books: 9885 lbs., contained in 46 boxes and 572 parcels, addressed to 362 institutions and individuals. These contained the publications of the Institution, public documents of interest (among them 150 copies of Schoolcraft's Indian work), and all the transactions of the various literary and scientific bodies of the United States, transmitted free of cost to them, or to the recipients of the parcels. The returns from abroad are also received for such institutions. This feature obviates all the practical difficulties in the way of scientific intercourse between the New World and the Old.

"In fact, the Smithsonian is fast rising to an importance second only to that of the post office, as an agent in uniting the learned institutions and individuals of the two worlds in bonds of close communion. Much the largest portion of the scientific exchanges crossing the ocean passes through its hands, the greater part of which would have remained at home but for its agency. Packages bearing the stamp of the Smithsonian Institution pass free of duty or question into all ports of Europe. England, so stringent in her custom-house regulations, granted this permission nearly two years ago, at a time when it was steadily

refused to her own societies. Now, thanks in a great measure to the agency of the Institution, all addresses borne in certain lists kept and furnished by the Royal Society, enjoy the same exemption.

"As to the foreign appreciation of doings in this department and others, you should read the letters on file from Humboldt, Von Ritter, Liebig, Brewster, Babbage, Sabine, Faraday, and a host of others, of which there are whole volumes.

"As for publications of a practical character, the work of Booth and Morfit, on recent improvements in the chemical arts, will furnish an illustration. Among them is one on the forest trees of America, treated in an economical as well as scientific view, by Dr. Gray; one on breadstuffs; one on recent progress in electricity and magnetism; one on the progress and present state of American geography; one on making collections and observations in science—somewhat resembling the Admiralty Manual, but prepared expressly for America; and a host of others to numerous too mention; all derived from original sources, prepared by the most competent men, and posting up our knowledge to the latest dates, furnished by the journals and transactions daily received at the Institution.

"The collections of the Smithsonian Institution are of great value. Its library contains one of the best sets of scientific transactions and periodicals in this country. Its gallery of art embraces the fullest series of Indian portraits in the world. Its museum is the richest in North American vertebrate animals, skins, skeletons, and alcoholic preparations (including hundreds of undescribed species) of any in the United States. All these, in the unfinished state of the building, are by the world at large scarcely known to exist, being mostly packed away in basement rooms.

"The lectures constitute a very small portion of the operations of the Institution. And yet they may and do accomplish much good. The room is filled to overflowing, by a varying crowd gathered from all parts of the Union, and each carrying away with him a modicum, at least, of information. Reports of these lectures will be published in the monthly or weekly bulletin of the Institution, shortly to appear, and intended to contain lists of articles in scientific and literary journals and transactions, records of new facts derived from such sources, books, proceedings of the Institution, and other items.

"To send the Smithsonian publications into every house in the land, as demanded by some, the publication fund (not 5,000 dollars per annum) of the Institution would be entirely inadequate. Say there are 200,000 houses to be supplied. This number of copies of a single octavo sheet would cost at least 1500 dollars. Five thousand dollars would then publish 3½ such sheets. The Patent Office Report this year will probably cost over 100,000 dollars, or more than one-fifth of the original bequest of Smithson. This for a single book, which two years after publication is out of print, and cannot be procured. How many complete sets of the Patent Office Reports has any one man ever seen? I doubt if the Patent Office itself possesses one. The Smithsonian pursues a wiser course. Copies are presented to all permanent libraries and Institutions throughout the world, and to individuals specially interested in the subjects treated of. Some are kept for future demand, and sold at cost. The Institution makes no profits; the few copies sold, compared with the many given away, return but a small amount of the expenses, and this is immediately turned anew into the publishing fund. The Institution would gladly publish more matter, practical as well as abstract, and in larger quantity, but it has no option as to expenditures. Congress has ordered the erection of an expensive building, and the accumulation of a library, museum, and gallery of art. It has ordered the lectures. The Institution of course must obey, though it would cheerfully have put up with a cheaper building, so as to have more money for active operations.

"It does not always follow that what a bookseller will not publish had better remain in curious manuscript, even in a practical point of view. Few

publishers would undertake a work on the occultation of the stars, so indispensable in accurately determining geographical positions. The number of persons now engaged in working out the geography of North America is, say 100—a small but very important corps."

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE Lectures to working men, which were so successful last year at the Museum of Practical Geology, are about to be recommenced in what, it is hoped, will be a more useful form. Instead of each Professor of the Government School of Mines giving a single lecture, it has been determined that a short course shall be given on each especial branch of science cultivated in the Institution. The Lectures are to be commenced by Professor Robert Hunt, on Monday evening, March 7, who is to deliver, on succeeding Mondays, six Lectures 'On the Practical Application of Physical Science.' These are to be followed by six Lectures on the 'Elements of Geology,' by Professor Ramsay, and six on the 'Elements of Natural History,' by Professor Forbes. The admission is to be at the same low terms as those of last year—that is, the payment of a registration fee of *sixpence* for each course of six Lectures. When it is considered that these additional lectures are given at the cost of much additional labour, without any additional profit, it will be seen how greatly we are indebted to the Professors of this Institution for the truly practical spirit in which their services are brought to bear on the advancement of public instruction.

By a letter from the East, we learn that the researches of Colonel Rawlinson had been nearly terminated by a most untoward event, which might have involved the lives of all the Europeans engaged. It appears that a French artist had prosecuted some researches among the ruins, and had met with several articles of ancient pottery of little value or importance, but in the eyes of the discoverer of the greatest consequence. Excited to the highest pitch, the poor man continued his diggings, and succeeded in obtaining some other relics of like insignificance, but the effect on a distempered mind produced delirium and frenzy. At the height of his excitement he encountered the sheik of the district, who in some way gave him offence. Smarting under the supposed insult, the poor artist loaded his pistols, rushed to the tent, and fired upon the chief, who received the charge in his side. The consequences may be imagined. The Frenchman only escaped being cut to pieces by the very plausible representation that he was mad—a fact, as is well known, sufficient to protect him from Mahomedan vengeance. Messengers were despatched for a European surgeon, who arrived, and found the sheik bleeding and prostrate; but on probing the wound, it was found that, with the exception of two broken ribs, the injury was superficial. The side had been severely lacerated by the wadding of the pistol, but no bullet hole could be discovered; and it was afterwards found that the bullet had luckily dropped from the pistol before it had been discharged. By the latest accounts the sheik was recovering rapidly, and the maniac had been sent home.

A letter has been addressed to the secretary of the Wellington Memorial, by Mr. Charles Wilson, suggesting that a charge should be made for admitting the public to Apsey House, under a system of shilling days, half-crown days, and five-shilling days, after the manner of the Great Exhibition, and that the proceeds be carried to the College Fund. Many will doubtless shrink from the principle that the late Duke's effects—pictures, plate, and overcoats—should be shown at a shilling a-head to raise the needful for a memorial to him; still, when it is considered that the object is one of charity, and so many thousands will be found ready and willing to contribute on these terms, we think the suggestion a fair one. The fund still wants 35,000*l.* to complete the design of building a college; and unless the subscription is stimulated by some vigorous movement, it will share the

same fate as the Nelson memorial, the honour of laying the first stone of which was bequeathed to the next generation. Nelson, however, did not die worth a million of money; so we do not despair of having the college erected in our own time.

Some of the friends of M. de Lamartine have proposed to raise a national subscription, for the purpose of relieving him from his pecuniary embarrassments; but the poet and historian has nobly refused to accept anything in the shape of a gift. He thinks that, in time and by labour, he can earn sufficient to pay off every demand on him, and to prevent his family mansion and estate from passing into the hands of strangers; and, like Walter Scott in similar circumstances, he cries proudly, "My own right hand shall do it!" Whatever may be the opinion of this gentleman's political career, it is impossible, we think, to withhold admiration from the manliness and the purity of his private character—they are equal, in every respect, to his genius. As we are speaking of him, it may be stated that the Sultan has agreed to take back the large estate he some time ago granted him in Turkey, and to allow him instead, an annual sum of a few hundreds. His Turkish Majesty has the honour of having shown a marked respect for literary genius, in a way so generous and so delicate, as to be an example to all sovereigns.

A sale of autographs and other interesting manuscripts has taken place at Puttick and Simpson's this week. Among the autographs, chiefly unimportant letters with signatures, were several of Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington. The former sold from 10s. to 2l. 2s., the latter from 1s. to 30s. A letter of Byron's sold for 1l. 11s.; of Lawrence Sterne, 4l.; of Le Brun, the painter, 2l. 5s.; of Nicholas Poussin, 4l. Signatures of Marie de' Medici, 3l.; Mary Queen of Scots, 3l.; King Charles I., 2l.; King Charles II., 2l.; the Pretender Stuart, 3l. 3s.; the monogram of Edward IV., a rare autograph, 5l. 5s. Among the miscellaneous papers were parcels of letters addressed to the Grenville family when ministers of state, which, after considerable competition had commenced, were withdrawn from sale by the auctioneer. We are not aware whether these were newly produced archives, or merely manuscripts of which use has already been made in the publication of the Grenville Papers and other recent works.

It is not often that our courts of law in the present day are enlivened by passages of wit, but the scene which took place the other day in the Court of Queen's Bench, in the Newman and Achilli case, is worthy of literary record. Mr. Serjeant Wilkins, for Dr. Newman, had been recapitulating some of the damnable evidence against Dr. Achilli, adding that "it was not men guilty of crimes like these who were to pull down the tiara, and strip off from the Pope his scarlet robes!" During the buzz of mingled approbation and amusement produced by this allusion, Lord Campbell maliciously remarked that he was not aware that the Pope wore scarlet robes, at least when he received him he was robed in a flannel dressing-gown. Mr. Serjeant Wilkins said, "that was not a material issue." Lord Campbell—"Certainly, in another character the Pope is described as being arrayed in scarlet." Mr. Serjeant Wilkins, observing by this time that he had made a blunder, wisely changed the subject, remarking first that "he would not dwell on the point, as he was reminded that by the new rules 'colour' was abolished." The transition from the learned Serjeant's tone of assumed indignation to that of defensive jocularity which Lord Campbell's first remark induced, gave rise to much hilarity in the court.

A 'Congress of the Delegates of the Learned Societies of France' is at present being held in Paris, but its proceedings are not of that scientific importance which might be supposed from such a grandiloquent designation. They have, in fact, thus far been chiefly confined to the discussion of agricultural improvements, and other matters of real utility. The French, as is known, have a perfect passion for centralization, and in some cases

carry it to an absurd extent; but the idea of uniting delegates of all literary, scientific, and learned associations in an annual congress, strikes us as a good one. All branches of knowledge are naturally dependent on each other, or, at least, have a certain affinity; and it constantly happens that those who excel in one, have something to communicate to, or learn from, those who excel in others, either of which they could do very simply in a yearly meeting.

Father Gavazzi, who has recently been in the northern provinces of Ireland and in Dublin, is to give a farewell lecture next Tuesday evening, at Exeter Hall, previous to his departure for America. The eloquent lecturer now addresses his audience in English as well as in Italian, and dispenses with the use of an interpreter, repeating in English the substance of the portions of his oration as he proceeds. As a rhetorical and literary treat, even apart from the importance of the subjects on which he discourses, the opportunity of hearing Gavazzi before he leaves this country should not be lost by those who have not yet had that privilege.

By the latest papers brought to this country by the *Formosa*, from Australia, melancholy tidings come of the ascertained fate of Dr. Leichardt and his exploring party in the interior. Mr. Hely, on returning to Sydney, had presented an official report to his Excellency the Governor. Till the receipt of this report, we reserve any remarks on Dr. Leichardt's life and enterprises. Rumours of the death of the whole exploring party under Leichardt had long prevailed in the several colonies, but no authentic confirmation of them was obtained till that which appears in Mr. Hely's report.

Dr. Vaughan, Editor of the British Quarterly, and Principal of the Lancashire Independent College, has been delivering some lectures before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, "On the Early Asiatic Nations." At a public meeting last week, in support of the Edinburgh Ragged and Industrial School Society, an eloquent speech was made by Dr. Vaughan on the objects and benefits of such associations.

We are sorry to learn that Dr. Albert Barnes, the distinguished American commentator, is at present in Berlin, threatened with loss of sight, the result of excessive study. His advisers require cessation from all literary pursuits for a time, and give hope of his recovery.

The University of Oxford have voted in Convocation the sum of £500, as a donation to the funds of the great educational institute to be established as a testimonial to the Duke of Wellington, the late Chancellor of the University.

The King of Prussia has conferred the Order of Merit for Arts and Sciences on the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, and on Colonel Rawlinson.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—Jan. 13th.—Col. Sabine, Vice-President, in the chair. The following paper was read, 'Description of some species of the extinct genus *Nesodon*,' by Professor Owen, F.R.S. The author commenced by referring to a genus of extinct herbivorous mammals which he had founded in 1836, on certain fossil remains discovered in Patagonia, and which, from the insular disposition of the enamel folds characteristic of the molar teeth, he had called *Nesodon*. Subsequent transmissions of fossils from the same part of South America, by their discoverer, Captain Sullivan, R.N., now enabled the author to define four species of the genus. The first which he describes is founded on a considerable portion of the cranium and the lower jaw, with the teeth, and is called *Nesodon orinus*. After the requisite osteological details and comparisons the author proceeds to describe the three incisors, the canine, and five molar teeth, which are present on each side of both upper and lower jaws, and then enters upon an inquiry as to the nature and homologies of the grinding teeth. The result is to show that the first four molars belong, with the incisors and canines, to the deciduous series, and that the fifth

molar is the first true molar of the permanent series; the germ of a second true molar was discovered behind this, in both the upper and the lower jaws, whence the author concludes that the *Nesodon orinus* had the typical number of teeth when the permanent series was fully developed, viz.

$$\begin{matrix} 3-3 \\ 3-3 \end{matrix} c \begin{matrix} 1-1 \\ 1-1 \end{matrix} p \begin{matrix} 4-4 \\ 4-4 \end{matrix} m \begin{matrix} 3-3 \\ 3-3 \end{matrix} = 44$$

The structure of the grinding teeth proving the extinct animal to have been herbivorous, the number and kinds of teeth in the entire series show that it was ungulate. In this great natural series of mammalia the author next shows that the *Nesodon* had the nearest affinities to the odd-toed or perissodactyle order amongst the existing species; but certain modifications of structure, hitherto peculiar to the *Artiodactyla*, are repeated in the cranium of the *Nesodon*; more important marks of affinity are pointed out in the *Nesodon* to the *Toxodon*, and both these extinct forms of South American herbivores are shown to agree with each other in characters of greater value, derived from the osseous and dental systems, than any of those by which the *Nesodon* resembles either the Perissodactyle or Artiodactyle divisions of hoofed animals. The genus *Nesodon* is characterized by the following modifications of the teeth, which in number and kind are according to the typical dental formula above given. *Incisors* trenchant, with long, slightly curved crowns, of limited growth; *canines* smaller, not exceeding in length the contiguous premolars; *molars*, in the upper jaw, with long, curved, transversely compressed crowns, which contract as they penetrate the bone, and ultimately develop into fangs: the outer side of the crown ridged; the inner side penetrated by two more or less complex folds of enamel, leaving insular patches on the worn crown: enamel thin. The *lower molars*, long, straight, and compressed; divided by an external longitudinal indent into two unequal lobes, both penetrated at the inner side by a fold of enamel, which is complex in the hinder lobe. All the teeth are of equal height, and arranged in an unbroken series. The bony palate is entire, and extends back beyond the molars, the maxillaries and palatines forming the back part in equal proportions. A distinct articular cavity and eminence for the lower jaw; the latter long and concave transversely, short and convex longitudinally; a protuberant post-glenoid process; a strong and deep zygoma, the orbit and temporal fossa widely intercommunicating; the premaxillaries join the nasals. Of the genus presenting the above dental and osteal characters the author defines four species:—the first, about the size of a Llama, is the *Nesodon imbricatus*; the second, of the size of a Zebra, is the *Nesodon Sullivani*; the species to which the portions of skull, with the teeth, described in the present memoir, did not exceed the size of a large sheep, and is termed the *Nesodon orinus*; finally, a species of the size of a Rhinoceros is satisfactorily indicated by a grinder of the upper jaw. In conclusion the author remarks, that the osteological characters defining the orders of hoofed quadrupeds, called *Proboscidea*, *Perissodactyla*, and *Artiodactyla*, are associated with modifications of the soft parts of such importance, as not only to establish the principle of that ternary division of the great natural group of Ungulata, but to indicate that the known modifications of the skeleton of the extinct *Toxodons* and *Nesodons* of South America, in the degree in which they differ from the osteology of the already defined orders of *Ungulata*, must have been associated with concomitant modifications of other parts of their structure, which would lead to their being placed in a distinct division, equal to the *Proboscidea*, and, like that order, to be more nearly allied to the *Perissodactyla* than the *Artiodactyla*. This new division of the Ungulata the author proposes to call *Toxodontia*, and he remarks that its dental and osteal characters, while they illustrate the close mutual affinities between the *Nesodons* and *Toxodons*, tend to dissipate much of the obscurity supposed to involve the true affinities of the *Toxodon*, and to reconcile the conflicting opinions as to its proper position in the mammalian class. The

paper was illustrated by twenty-three highly-finished drawings, by Dinkel, of the fossil bones and teeth of the different species of Nesodon.

LINNEAN.—Jan. 18th.—Robert Brown, Esq., President, in the chair. The Rev. Churchill Babington, M.A., and Joshua Clarke, Esq., were elected Fellows. Among the presents on the table, in addition to the usual supply of Natural History Journals and the Transactions of Foreign Societies, was a copy of the 'Reports of the Juries on the Exhibition of the Works of Industry of All Nations,' presented by Her Majesty's Commissioners; and two volumes of the 'Posthumous Papers' of the eminent Indian botanist, William Griffith, Esq., F.L.S., presented by the Hon. East India Company. A paper was read by William Yarrell, Esq., Treasurer and Vice-President of the Society, 'On the Habits of the Great Bustard, *Otis tarda* of Linnaeus.' In this paper Mr. Yarrell brings together, partly from the communications of his friends, and partly from his own observation, various particulars, most of which he believes to be hitherto unpublished, relating to the habits of the great bustard, now become a bird of very rare occurrence in this country. The first communication, from C. A. Nicholson, Esq., of Balrath Kells, in the county of Meath, contains some observations made in the neighbourhood of Seville, where these birds are extremely numerous; the males beginning to arrive there early in February, in flocks varying from seven to fifty-three, the smallest and largest numbers observed by Mr. Nicholson at that season. The old birds, he says, always go together, those of a year old, which are much smaller, never mixing with them. The females, which do not make their appearance there till the beginning of April, come singly, or at most in pairs; the flocks of males soon after begin to break up, and during the month of May entirely disappear from the cultivated lands, leaving the hens behind them, the latter probably retiring to the immense grass marshes which extend along the banks of the Guadalquivir. The young bustards are hatched in the extensive corn plains about Seville, and are able to take care of themselves when the corn is cut in July. At the end of that month, when no cover remains, the young birds and hens follow the cocks to the *marisma*, or great marshes of Spain. They are extremely difficult to shoot, the only chance being to hide in a ravine, and send men round the birds to try and drive them over you. The heaviest bird shot by Mr. Nicholson weighed 28 lbs. The largest measured from tip to tip of wing 7 feet 3 inches. Those of a year old weigh from 8 to 10 lbs., and are much the best to eat. The bustards, when flushed, generally fly two miles or more, sometimes 100 yards high. They never try to run. Mr. Nicholson cannot imagine it possible that they can ever have been caught by greyhounds, as stated in the 'Catalogue of the Traces of the Bustard,' published in 1656. The second communication is one from Mr. John Wolley, Jun., a good ornithologist, who had been in Spain and North Africa, in the neighbourhood of Tangier. He states that he neither saw the great bustard in Africa, nor has received its eggs among several packets which have been forwarded to him from thence; but while going up the Guadalquivir in a steam-boat to Seville, about the month of September, he saw several flocks of those birds at no great distance from the river banks, on the level burnt-up plains. The flocks consisted of four or five birds each, and appeared to be walking in file, reminding one of Gilbert White's note, "Bustards upon the downs look like deer in the distance." Mr. Wolley adds that the Spanish name of the bustard is *Abutarda*, and suggests that it may be in some way connected with the specific name "*tarda*," as the bird can hardly be called slow. Mr. Yarrell next proceeds to quote, from a letter communicated to him by the eminent architect, John Britton, Esq., two remarkable instances of the courage of the bustard in attacking mounted horsemen, both occurring on Salisbury Plain, and within a short time of each other. In the first, a man, about four o'clock of a fine morning

in June, 1801, was coming on horseback from Tinshead to Tilthead, when he saw over his head, about sixty yards high, a large bird, which afterwards proved to be a bustard. The bird alighted on the ground immediately before the horse, which it indicated a disposition to attack, and, in fact, very soon began the onset. The man dismounted, and getting hold of the bird, after an hour's struggle, succeeded in securing it, and in bringing it alive to Mr. J. Bartley, of Tilthead, to whom he disposed of his prize. It was judged to weigh upwards of 20 lbs., and to measure about five feet between the tips of the extended wings. Its height was about three feet and a half, and its gait was extremely majestic. During the first week it was not known to eat anything; but it subsequently became very tame, and would at last receive its food (small birds, mice, leaves of rape, &c.) from its patron's hands. During the whole time that it remained in Mr. Bartley's possession, from June till the following August, it was never observed to drink. This noble bird was eventually purchased by Lord Temple for thirty guineas. In the second instance, which occurred about a fortnight after the first, Mr. Grant, a respectable farmer, was attacked in a similar manner by, as it was thought, the mate of the same bird, which he endeavoured to capture, but was compelled to relinquish the design, owing to his horse having taken fright and become unmanageable. Mr. Yarrell next states, on the authority of J. H. Gurney, Esq., of Norwich, that the last bustard believed by him to have been killed in Norfolk, a female, was shot near Swaffham, towards the end of the year 1838. The small flock to which it belonged had for some years consisted of females only, the males having become extinct at an earlier date. F. I. Nash, Esq., of Bishop's Stortford, had informed Mr. Yarrell, that when a young man, he once saw nine flights of bustards in one day, near Thetford, in Norfolk. Gilbert White, in his diary, mentions, under the date of Nov. 17, 1782, "that being at a lone farm-house on the downs between Whorwell and Winchester, the carter told him that about twelve years before, he had seen a flock of eighteen bustards at one time on that farm." This species has now become so rare that since the publication of the second edition of his 'British Birds,' (1845), Mr. Yarrell has noticed only two instances of its occurrence, one on Salisbury Plain, where it was seen in August, 1849, by Mr. Waterhouse, of the British Museum, the other in January, 1850, at Ly'1, in Romney Marsh. Both specimens were females. The concluding portion of the paper contains a highly interesting account of the anatomical examination, by Mr. Yarrell, of the neck of the bustard, with a view to ascertain the existence of a gular pouch, described by Daines Barrington, in his 'Miscellanies,' (1781), and by Edwards, in his 'Gleanings in Natural History'; and from thence copied by Bewick, and by Mr. Yarrell himself in his 'History of British Birds.' Mr. Edwards's account is as follows:—"A remarkable anatomical peculiarity in the male of the great bustard, first discovered by Dr. James Douglas, Coll. Phys. Lond. It is a pouch or bag, to hold fresh water, which supplies the bird in dry places, when distant from waters; the entrance into it is between the under side of the tongue and the lower mandible of the bill. I poured into this bag, before the head was taken off, full seven wine pints, before it ran over. This bag is wanting in the hen." Mr. Yarrell had long wished for an opportunity of verifying this statement by dissecting the body of a male bustard, but none offered till about three years ago, when a young male belonging to the Zoological Society died. The body was examined by Mr. Mitchell, Sec. Zool. Soc., and Mr. Yarrell, but no gular pouch was found. This was then attributed to the youth of the bird; but an adult male, the property of the same Society, having also died in December last, was likewise carefully dissected by Mr. Yarrell, without his being able to discover any indication of such a pouch. He found no opening under the tongue, and failed in various attempts to distend any part of the membranes below, either by fluid or by air. On subsequently referring to the ana-

tomical descriptions of six great bustards (*all of them males*) dissected by the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, the author found no mention of any gular pouch. Finally, Mr. Yarrell consulted the best living authority in this country, viz., Professor Owen, and had the satisfaction of finding that that gentleman entirely agreed with him in the opinion, that there is in the great bustard neither an orifice under the tongue nor a gular pouch. The author concludes as follows:—"I am therefore disposed to consider that Dr. Douglas was mistaken as to the species of bird examined; and that the summer seasonal enlargement of the glands and cellular structure in the neck of the great bustard, accompanied as it is by the assumption of certain elongated feathers called the beard, and a stripe of naked blue skin on the side of the neck, is analogous to the excess of colour observed on the naked parts of the head and neck in our turkey-cock in spring, and to the increase in the size of the glands of the neck seen in the males of deer during the rutting season."

ETHNOLOGICAL.—Jan. 12th.—Sir B. C. Brodie, Bart., President, in the chair. 'Observations on some Aboriginal Tribes of New Holland,' by Thomas R. Heywood Thomson, M.D., R.N., formerly of the Niger Expedition. The present paper contains observations on some tribes in the neighbourhood of the Castlereagh and Lochlans branches of the River Macquarie, lat. 35° south, and long. 147° east; some on the tribes around Moreton Bay, lat. 27° south, and long. 153° east; the Broken Bay tribe near Sydney, and lat. 34° south, and a tribe inhabiting Albany Island, Torres Straits, lat. 11° south, and long. 143° east. Several tribes which formerly inhabited the Castlereagh and Lochlans branches of the Macquarie are now extinct. The Castlereagh tribe now numbers about one hundred; the Mole tribe, with the Darling River blacks, scarce two hundred; the Bogan blacks, about a hundred. Such are the miserable remains of tribes once numerous and powerful. These all possess the same physical characters as the tribes inhabiting the coast near Sydney, of which the Broken Bay and Hunter River may be selected as the types. They are of middle height, body spare, hands and feet of fair proportion, arms and legs long, especially the legs. Head more round than oval, forehead tolerably broad but low, cheekbones rather high, eyes sunken, eyebrows arched, *osua nasi* depressed, *nares* flattened and expanded, little whisker, but some have a good quantity of hair on the chin, in fact, bushy beards. The chin is round and not very prognathous, lips prominent and thick, especially the upper one. The mouth is expressive of determination, ears small, skin dark brown, approaching black, sometimes of an olive hue, and smooth. The hair inclined to be long (usually about eight inches), soft and silky, but curling; it is generally quite glossy, but always curly. The teeth are regular, but broad. The women are well proportioned when young; the hands and feet are small, in some very small; both men and women keep their teeth very clean, and they are very white. Most men have lost one or two upper incisors, which are removed at the *Bura*, or the Feast of Initiation, when the young men are formally admitted to rank with the adult males of the tribe. They are quick and animated in their speech, excitable and very revengeful, as many of our settlers have found to their cost on their unjustly treating them. All the tribes have long gash-marks—raised scars on the breast, back, shoulders, and arms, which in some cases are longitudinal, in others transverse. The principal tribes around Moreton Bay are the King Bars (once very formidable, but now greatly reduced), the Lady Plains, the Limestone Plains, and the Bogan tribes. These all speak one language, have the same physical characters and scars, only in the King Bar tribe the scars are transverse, while in the neighbouring tribes they are longitudinal. The people of these tribes are well made, and according to Mr. Coulton, average by measurement 5 feet 8 inches to 5 feet 9½ inches. They are not quite so long in the limb,

more robust and muscular than the Castlereagh, Macquarie, or Broken Bay blacks. The hair and features are the same, but the *noses*, if anything, are more depressed and expanded. The females are remarkably stout and well proportioned. The skin of the Moreton Bay aborigines is darker than the Macquarie or Broken Bay tribes, being, in fact, jet black, and very glossy. The Albany Island, Torres Straits, natives, are about the middle height, well proportioned; the arms and legs are in proportion too, but the hands and feet are rather large; the face round, *noses* expanded; a small hole is bored through the nasal cartilage. Mouth rather large, lips protruding but not thick, as in the Broken Bay tribes. Hair short and curly, scarcely to be called silky, as in the other tribes which I have studied. The beard small, scarcely any whisker. The skin black and glossy. Besides various scars, the chief distinction was a shield-shaped one on the deltoid of each arm, the shield being divided into four parts or quarterings, each of which is charged with three concentric curve lines, concave to a line horizontally bisecting the shield. They are animated, intelligent-looking people. I saw none of the gins, or females. I was unable to obtain measurements of the head. The following Table gives some idea of the size and weight of Australian and other crania. All the skulls which I have examined are very thick, dense, and heavy in proportion to their size. Nearly all of them had marks of waddy blows and other injuries, which would kill any one but a New Hollander.

Average of Four Male Australian Crania.

Measurement round the Head.	From Meatus and Ictus over to opposite Meatus.	From Nasal Spine to Occipital Process.	Weight without Lower Jaw.	Facial Angle.
Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	lb. oz.	—
20	12	13	1 11	70°

Average of Four Female Australian Crania.

18 | 11½ | 11½ | 1 4 | 70°

One Papuan, or New Guinea Male Skull.

21½ | 13 | 13½ | 1 9 | 70°

One New Zealand Male Skull.

20½ | 13½ | 12½ | 1 0 | 74°

An interesting conversation followed; several portraits of natives were exhibited; and Mr. Brierly exhibited some drawings illustrating the canoes, from the rudest form and make in the south up to the superior vessels in use at Albany Island, Torres Straits. Dr. Brown also exhibited some Australian skulls.

GEOLOGICAL.—Jan. 19th.—Sir C. Lyell, V.P.G.S., in the chair. John Brogden, Jun., Esq., was elected a Fellow. The following communications were read:—1. Notice of the discovery of reptilian remains and a land shell in an upright fossil tree in the coal of Nova Scotia, by Sir C. Lyell, V.P.G.S., and J. W. Dawson, Esq. 2. Notes on these reptilian remains, by Professor Wyman, and Professor Owen, F.G.S. In September last Sir C. Lyell and Mr. Dawson revisited the strata of the coal formations at the South Joggins, Nova Scotia, with a view of ascertaining what may have been the particular circumstances which favoured the preservation of so many fossil trees, at so many different levels, in an erect position (such a position being a rare and very exceptional fact in the coal strata of North America generally). They were also desirous of obtaining additional evidence with regard to the relation of the stigmata as a root to the sigillaria, and also directed special attention to the difference of the deposits enveloping the upright trees, and those that fill the trunks themselves. In examining the stony contents of these fossil trees, the remains of plants, such as ferns, noeggerathia, sigillaria, calamites, and stigmata were met with, and in one of the trees were found, near the base of the trunk, several small bones intermingled with fragments of carbonized wood. The whole were imbedded in a dark-coloured stony matrix, in breaking up which, besides the bones, was found a

small shell, referable to the well-known group of land shells, *Pupa* and *Clausilia*; the osseous remains consist of the bones of the head and extremities, jaw, teeth, vertebrae, and dermal plates of one or more small reptiles. These have been examined by Professor J. Wyman, of Harvard University, and Professor Owen, who pronounce them to have belonged to a batrachian reptile allied to the *Menobranchus* and *Menopoma* at present inhabiting the rivers and lakes of North America. These eminent comparative anatomists also point out that the fossil reptile bears some interesting relations to the labyrinthodon type of reptiles.* 3. Notice of a batrachoid fossil from the coalshale of Carlisle, Lanarkshire, by Professor Owen, F.R.S. This fossil consisted of the right half of the facial part of the skull, with a short premaxillary, long maxillary, and broad malar bones, including part of the lacrymal, post frontal, and squamosal bones, having characters, which were pointed out in detail, illustrative of the close affinity of the specimen with the batrachian fossil from the coal formations in Germany, which Goldfuss had called *Archegosaurus*. The dentition of the fossil in question from the Scotch coal-field, also closely accorded with that of the *Archegosaurus*. It gave, therefore, additional evidence of the existence of air-breathing vertebrata at the period of the deposition of the coal-strata, and extended the known geographical range of the batrachoid reptiles of the carboniferous epoch. The first recognition of the reptilian character of the fossil in question, the Professor stated to be due to Mr. McCoy, at whose request the specimen was, with the permission of Lord Enniskillen, placed in Professor Owen's hands for description.

ANTIQUARIES.—Jan. 20th.—Viscount Mahon, President, in the chair. Presents of various new works in history and archaeology were announced. The President called the attention of the Fellows to the fact, that the congress of delegates from the various learned societies in France was now assembled at Paris, and intimated that any Fellow desirous of attending could be furnished with an introduction by the Secretary. Thomas Tobin, Esq., of Ballincollig, and Charles Scott Murray, Esq., of Danesfield Park, Buckinghamshire, were elected Fellows, and four new candidates were proposed. Mr. Adey Repton communicated a sketch of a curious piscina discovered some time ago in the church of Springfield, near Chelmsford. Mr. Repton observed that the character of piscinas is generally that of the church windows, and that of Springfield he considers as furnishing another example. It was doubtless of the period of the entire church, which was built in the reign of Edward the First. The cavity in which this piscina was found was filled up with bricks of the same kind as those with which the tower was repaired in 1586, at which time the piscina was evidently thus concealed. Mr. Phillips communicated a note on the bodies lately exhumed at Nuneham Regis, in Warwickshire. Among the interments was the body of a man placed in a leaden coffin. The body was embalmed, and was found to have been decapitated; the head was wrapped in linen, and the shirt, marked T. B. in black silk, was drawn over the neck, and the juncture with the head and the neck was bound with a black ribbon. The hands were crossed on the breast, and the beard was peaked. This discovery had given rise to much conjecture, and some had absurdly enough supposed the body to be that of the Duke of Mon-

* It may be interesting to our readers to know that, although the foot-prints of quadrupeds, believed to be reptilian, have been found in the coal of North America, this is the first instance of the bones of a reptile occurring in that formation; and of a pulmoniferous mollusk being found in the coal, the first in the world. M. Agassiz and others have contended hitherto that the globe did not present the conditions necessary for the existence of air-breathing mollusks so far back in time as the carboniferous period. Notwithstanding the abundance of plants during that epoch, no remains of any plant-feeding snails have been found until the recent discovery of this specimen by Sir Charles Lyell in Nova Scotia. Its cylindrical form is peculiarly characteristic of the *Pupa*; and there is no instance of a marine mollusk in which the animal so contracts the circumference of its shell on approaching maturity.—Ed.

mouth. Mr. Phillips had from the first conjectured the body to be that of a member of the family of Brown, the possessors of estates in the neighbourhood in the seventeenth century; and this had been in some degree confirmed by a passage in 'Clarendon,' who states that Major-General Brown, having from cowardice or treachery suffered the forces of the Parliament under Lambert to gain a pass by the fording of a river in Scotland, was beheaded by the Royalists immediately afterwards. Mr. Brook contributed some remarks on the site of the battle of Wakefield, fought during the wars of the Roses. He had lately visited the spot, but could obtain no intelligence from local tradition; he had, however, learnt that on the digging of the foundations for a mansion called Porto Bello a great quantity of human bones, with fragments of weapons and warlike accoutrements, had been turned up. Mr. Wylie communicated some remarks by way of supplement to the 'Memoir of Mr. Akerman,' read before the Society in the previous session, on some of the weapons of the Teutonic races. In that Memoir the writer stated that he had looked in vain for an example of the formidable barbed javelin, the *Angon* described by Agathias. On a recent visit to France, Mr. Wylie had discovered, in the Museum of Artillery at Paris, the iron of a weapon answering the description given of the *Angon*, of which he exhibited a sketch, together with another representing a spear of larger dimensions, evidently not intended for casting. The first not only resembled the *angon* in its configuration, but the iron below the cusp was bent, as though it had been violently wrenched from a shield. This example was found near Marsal. Subsequently, Mr. Wylie had met with a representation of a weapon resembling it in every respect in the lately issued new edition of Mr. Collingwood Bruce's 'History of the Roman Wall,' where it is stated that it was found in a well at Carvoran. The shape of the larger weapon in the Museum of Artillery at Paris is supposed by French antiquaries to have suggested the symbol of the *fleur de lis*; but Mr. Wylie held a different opinion, and exhibited drawings from ancient sculptures from Nineveh, both in the Louvre and the British Museum, in which that object, by whatever name it was then known, was clearly depicted.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—Jan. 12th.—T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. Twelve Associates were elected, and presents announced from the Royal Society, the Academy of Antiquaries of Picardy, the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition, the Rev. H. Jenkins, Archaeological Institute, Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, &c. Mr. Bateman exhibited a horn-book of the time of the Commonwealth, and some observations upon it and others of a similar kind by Mr. Halliwell were read. Mr. Warren exhibited a ring dug up at Thetford, which was considered by the meeting as Indian. Mr. Clarke of Easton forwarded a Commonwealth sixpence of the unusual weight of sixty-seven grains, a testoon, and other specimens found in Suffolk. Mr. Jewitt exhibited a drawing of a hauberk in his possession, weighing altogether fourteen pounds, twenty-two ounces of which are composed of silver rings around the neck, the edges of the sleeves, and the bottom of the vest; the rings were brazed, not riveted. It is oriental. Mr. Tucker exhibited a mourning ring of Sir W. Colepepper of Aylesford, Kent. It was of the time of Elizabeth, is silver, and had a death's head, and the inscription 'In memoriam.' Mr. Ainslie exhibited a variety of specimens of pottery lately obtained in making an excavation in the city, and a portion of Roman glass found in Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn, in making a sewer. Mr. Davis laid upon the table an earthen bottle lately fished up at Battersea. It was considered German, and as belonging to the sixteenth century. The Rev. Mr. Hugo exhibited portions of tessellated pavement, tesserae, lead, nails, and fragments of tiles, &c., from the Roman villa at Tiverton, near Bath. Mr. Bateman sent a mediæval badge, which was exposed for examination. Dr. Pettigrew exhibited

a dagger dug up in the field where the battle of Edgehill was fought. It was of the time of Charles I. Mr. Cullum exhibited drawings of a variety of Roman antiquities found at different times in the city of London, and a fine seal with the head of Cæsar found in a gravel machine in the Thames. Mr. Lynch exhibited the jewel supposed to have belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, which was discovered to be of two different periods of workmanship, and was altogether a very beautiful ornament. A lithograph of it, with description, will appear in the forthcoming Journal. The remainder of the evening was occupied in the reading and discussion of Mr. Syer Cuming's paper on Vinula, in which he historically traced from the earliest periods the employment of fetters and other means of confinement. Specimens of different kinds of fetterlock were laid upon the table, and gave rise to an animated conversation.

INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.—Dec. 27th.—J. Finlaison, Esq., President, in the chair. 'On the objectionable character of certain Methods, very generally practised, for determining and dividing Surplus in Life Assurance Companies,' by C. Jellicoe, Esq.—The author first drew attention to the well-known mode of valuation by the Northampton table,—and showed that from a peculiarity in the construction of that table, the results obtained by it were never to be depended upon, more particularly as the use of it led in certain circumstances to a very considerable under-estimate of the liability of an assurance society. Adverting, then, to the modern system of estimating the incomes of such societies at their true value as nearly as possible, instead of at a fictitiously depressed one, as advocated by the more old-fashioned practitioners,—he pointed out the great advantages of the former modes regarded clearness and precision, and as giving a complete insight into the condition of an assurance society. He showed that the objections now being urged to it by one or two writers apparently arose from their not understanding how to use the means it afforded; and made it appear that it was especially calculated to remove the very evils which they charged against it, and which the old system advocated by them was in reality productive of. Turning, then, to the subject of the division of surplus, the author described three of the methods commonly practised at the present day to effect that object:—viz., the distribution according to the amount at interest of the premiums paid,—according to the value of the assurance,—and according to the difference between these two; comparing the results obtained by these methods with such as arose from the use of that which he had on a former occasion demonstrated to be the true one. He made it appear, that all three erred considerably, and very nearly in the same way:—viz., in giving much too large a portion of the surplus to the older members at the expense of the younger ones. After briefly explaining the cause of this similarity in their operation, he concluded with a statement which went to prove that if the additions made to assurances up to the present time were taken at the moderate sum of 4,656,000*l.*, then that the part of it unduly assigned to the older members at the cost of the younger ones could not be less than upwards of half a million, or more nearly 530,000*l.* sterling.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Royal Institution, 4 p.m.—(Dr. A. W. Hoffmann on Organic Chemistry.)
— Institute of Actuaries, 7 p.m.—(Mr. Jellicoe's Paper, on the Objectionable Character of certain Methods very generally adopted for the Determination and Division of Surplus in Life Assurance Companies.)
— London Institution, 7 p.m.—(Dr. Lyon Playfair, on Industry and Science.)
— School of Mines.—(Mechanics, 1 p.m.)—(Geology, 3 p.m.)
Tuesday.—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Thomas Wharton Jones, Esq., F.R.S., on Animal Physiology.)
— Linnean, 8 p.m.
— Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—(Mr. Joshua Richardson, M. Inst. C.E., on the Pneumatics of Mines.)

Tuesday.—School of Mines.—(Chemistry, 11 a.m.)—(Mineralogy, 1 p.m.)—(Geology, 3 p.m.)
Wednesday.—Royal Institution, 4 p.m.—(Dr. A. W. Hoffmann, on Organic Chemistry.)
— Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—(1. Mr. H. Wilkinson, on Recent Improvements in Rifles and other Implements of Warfare; 2. Mr. R. Smith, Application of Photography to Printing Calico and other Fabrics.)
— Geological, 8 p.m.—(1. Major Vicary, on the Geology of the Himalayas in the Vicinity of Sabatoo—communicated by Sir R. I. Murchison, F.G.S.; 2. G. H. Walther, Esq., on the Australian Gold Fields, particularly that of Port Philip or Victoria—communicated by Percival N. Johnson, Esq., F.G.S.)
— R. S. Literature, 4 p.m.
— School of Mines.—(Metallurgy, 11 a.m.)—(Mineralogy, 1 p.m.)
Thursday.—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(John Phillips, Esq., F.R.S., on the General Principles of Geology.)
— Royal, 8 p.m.
— Antiquaries, 8 p.m.
— Harveian, 8 p.m.
— London Institution, 7 p.m.—(Mr. W. R. Bexfield, on Music.)
— School of Mines.—(Chemistry, 11 a.m.)—(Mineralogy, 1 p.m.)—(Geology, 3 p.m.)
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8 p.m.—(The Astronomer Royal, on the Results of Recent Calculations on the Eclipse of Thales and other Eclipses connected with it.)
— Botanical, 8 p.m.
— Archaeological Institute, 4 p.m.
— School of Mines.—(Metallurgy, 11 a.m.)—(Natural History, 1 p.m.)
Saturday.—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Professor A. Williamson, on the Philosophy of Chemistry.)
— Asiatic, 2 p.m.
— Medical, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

At a meeting, held on the 20th, at the Society of Arts, Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A., in the chair, it was resolved that a society for the encouragement of Photography in this country should be formed, under the name of the Photographic Society. Sir Charles Eastlake has agreed to become the first President of the Society, and Lord Summers, Professor Wheatstone, and Sir William Newton, were chosen as Vice-Presidents, the council consisting of the most eminent cultivators of the art. The first ordinary meeting of this Society will take place on Thursday the 3rd, at the Society of Arts rooms, when some communications will be made and specimens exhibited. We understand that more than 200 members have already joined the Photographic Society—and, uniting as it does the interests of Science and Art, we augur a very successful course, if judiciously managed.

In consequence of the interest which the Photographic Exhibition has excited, the Council of the Society of Arts have determined on allowing it to remain open for a week longer, when it will be finally closed. Since the opening of the Exhibition some very choice specimens have been added to the collection, among which may be particularly noticed a beautiful series of views of Venetian buildings, contributed by Earl Granville.

Amongst the various testimonials, pictorial as well as literary, to the fame of our great Duke, which load the tables and crowd the exhibition rooms of publishers, a not inappropriate, and, as far as art is concerned, by no means insignificant memorial, is again brought before the public in the form of etchings, in large detail, of the Wellington shield, and its several compartments. The designs of this fine piece of workmanship, executed in silver gilt by Green, Ward, and Green, of Ludgate-hill, and presented in 1822, by the merchants and bankers of London, consist, as many will remember, of a central figure of the Duke in a chariot of triumph, surrounded by eight compartments representing as many distinguished actions in the Peninsular war. The taste of Stothard, which was as pure as his invention was ready and his execution facile, was peculiarly adapted for subjects like these, which required a certain degree of idealizing, without admitting a high flight of the imaginative faculty; and here at least we are not offended by incongruities like those of the unfortunate Hyde Park statue. We have no face of peculiarly

marked modern feature attached to the nude torso of Achilles, as so felicitously pointed out by the recent author of 'Caprices et Zigzags,' whose wit is only the more caustic from its involving, thus far at any rate, no sacrifice of literal truth. The designs were not only furnished, but actually etched by Stothard himself, a circumstance which increases their value; and this re-production of a work which appeared originally in September, 1820, may fairly appeal to the recently excited interest of the passing hour for a renewed attention to its claims and merits.

The Crucifixion. Painted by W. Hilton, R.A.
Engraved by W. Finden.

THIS important engraving not only deserves particular notice from its purity of style, size, and costliness of execution, but derives a melancholy interest from its being the last work that engaged the attention of the well-known engraver, Mr. W. Finden, before his death. These circumstances alone give prominence to a production which is not without merits of its own to recommend it. With the treatment of the subject as a composition, the traditional rendering of many of its incidents, the recollections of Rubens and Vandyke, and also of the Italian school, which entered into the painter's design, and its arrangement in a central compartment, with separate wings, as in the oratories of the Roman Catholic churches, we have at present nothing to do. The engraving closely follows its celebrated original, and to a pleasing general effect unites the merit of some vigorous and bold treatment of the group of figures in the foreground. The print will obtain a wide circulation, from the circumstance of its being a prize distributed by the Art Union, 488 copies having been already assigned by lot. As a work of the highest rank of art and of purely native production, it is highly creditable to the Society, and will probably maintain its value as long as any of the engravings brought out by them, inasmuch as its merits, if not so superficially striking, are founded on the sound and permanent principles of first-class design and execution.

We learn from Paris that a statue, by Rude, of Joan of Arc, or rather Joan Dare, has just been erected in the garden of the Luxembourg, in that city. The sculptor has attempted to reproduce the heroine's likeness from the sole portrait which exists of her—a pen-and-ink sketch taken down in the margin of the record of her interrogatories by the clerk to the examiners. We also learn from Paris that more mural paintings have been discovered in the ancient church of Saint Eustache. It now appears pretty positive that the entire of the vast edifice was decorated with such paintings, and that they, a century or two after, having fallen partially into decay from damp, were, though of considerable artistic and historical value, barbarously covered with whitewash or plaster.

Our Paris letters announce the sale of the bronzes and other works of art belonging to the Duchess d'Orléans. The most notable of them was a table-piece designed by Chenavard, and executed by Barye, Fratin, Klagmann, Feuchères, and A. Moine. It was a rarity of artistic beauty and execution, and cost not less than 40,000*l.* It was put up at 6000*l.*, but there was no bidder, and it had to be disposed of in portions. In that way it realized a little more than 6100*l.* The total sum obtained by the sale of the Orléans collection, pictures included, has been 32,280*l.* The same letters state that the entrance to the Zoological Museum, in the Jardin des Plantes, has been ornamented with mural paintings by Biard, representing different scenes in the scientific expeditions to the Polar Seas, by order of the French Government, in 1838 and 1839. Perhaps it would be advisable to preserve in some of our public buildings a pictorial record of the most remarkable adventures and discoveries of our own brave countrymen in the realms of ice.

An Exhibition of the works of living artists is to take place in May at the Hague, and foreigners are to be allowed to exhibit. Although the Hague

does not possess the artistic importance of Paris and other towns, we repeat the recommendation we have so often made to English artists to send their works. They have everything to gain by making themselves known on the Continent, and by comparing themselves with continental painters and sculptors.

MUSIC.

THERE is little to note at present in the musical world of the metropolis. At the SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is being performed, the part of the prophet being taken by Mr. Weiss, with an effect which Herr Staudigl alone in this country has surpassed. On Friday last the audience were surprised by Mr. Weiss's powerful and masterly vocal intonation throughout, and his fine delivery of certain passages. In the other vocalists there was nothing to call for special remark, except that Madame Fiorentini was less effective than usual, her voice suffering from continued indisposition.

On Monday Handel's *Solomon* is to be produced at Exeter Hall by the LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Mr. Surman, conductor. Miss Birch, Mrs. Temple, Miss C. Felton, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Lawler, are the vocalists, with the powerful band and chorus of nearly eight hundred performers.

Madame Pleyel's Concert takes place at the Hanover-square Rooms on Monday, when that distinguished pianist is to perform a variety of classical and modern music, assisted in the evening's entertainment by eminent vocalists and instrumentalists, as mentioned in our former announcement.

Mr. Alleroff's Festival on Monday at Exeter Hall was a most successful one, and a second is announced to take place in the Lyceum Theatre on the 9th February, Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves being among the promised vocalists.

Our letters from Paris speak only of two novelties—a ballet opera at the Théâtre Lyrique, called the *Lutin de la Vallée*, and the début of the Binfield family from London. In the former Saint-Léon (husband of Cerito) who has ceased to belong to the Grand Opéra, and Mdlle. Guy Stephan, figured—it was quite successful, and they were greatly admired. The Binfield family appeared in a chamber or family concert, consisting of selections from Rossini, Beethoven, Bach, and Mendelssohn, and they made a decided hit. This must be peculiarly gratifying to themselves and their admirers, as their auditory consisted of some of the most eminent critics of the Paris press, and of the renowned composers now in that city: amongst the latter was no less a personage than Meyerbeer, and he was peculiarly hearty in expressing his approbation. The number of performers is six, and their instruments are two harps, two pianos, a violoncello, and a concertina, the latter somewhat of a novelty in Paris. Mr. Binfield directs his small band, and he is himself not only a very accomplished musician, but has trained them to a degree of perfection which is really surprising.

At Paris, a good deal of squabbling, and some law proceedings, have recently taken place between the Society of Musical Composers on the one hand, and the Vaudevillistes on the other, in consequence of the latter claiming as a right to introduce into their pieces airs from the operas, and other productions of the former, without making any payment. One of the law courts has just decided that the Vaudevillistes have no right to filch the music of the musicians: but considering that that kind of appropriation has been patiently tolerated for many years, it has thought fit to add that the musical people shall not be allowed to claim damages for the past, nor for any new depredations that may be committed during the next three months. As the literary treaty between England and France protects music, our theatres, in borrowing French vaudevilles and dramas, will, in consequence of this judgment, have, we presume, to

pay the French musicians for any airs they may happen to contain.

The immortal *Don Giovanni* of Mozart has been produced at the Italian theatre at Paris. Got up with great haste, the execution of it, both vocal and instrumental, on the first night was very indifferent; but the delight at hearing once again this magnificent work caused the auditory to be indulgent. Montemerli was the *Don*, and Susini *Leperello*, Mdlle. Cruvelli was *Donna Anna*, and Mdlle. Beltramelli, *Elvira*. After a few repetitions both singers and orchestra will no doubt be greatly more perfect.

The *Prophet* has been produced at Florence with immense success, and is to be brought out at Naples.

M. Auber, the well known French composer, has been appointed director of the music and chapel-master to Emperor Bonaparte.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has just terminated a new opera called *Toni*. It is not stated where or when it is to be first represented.

THE DRAMA.

ONE goes to see a new play of Mr. Douglas Jerrold's with no great hopes of an interesting plot, or characters true to nature, but with the strongest expectation of neat dialogue and abundance of witty sayings. In these respects he has hitherto far outstripped all his rivals. But as even Homer nods, so for once the most sparkling of epigrammatists has proved that he can be as dull and slow as other men. *Saint Cupid*; or, *Dorothy's Fortune*, will not add a leaf to his laurels. Etiquette may have forbidden a yawn at Windsor Castle, but at the PRINCESS'S, where no such restraint prevails, many an auditor will, we fear, express his criticism through this very uncomplimentary medium. The story is unusually flimsy, even for Mr. Jerrold—so flimsy, that it is hard, at many points, to catch it at all. As near as we can make it out, it is as follows. The date of the action is fixed by the author in the year 1715, when the plots of the Jacobites for the restoration of the Stuart dynasty were engaging the watchful attention of King George's ministry. The Sir James Graham of the period, Mr. Under-Secretary Zero (Mr. James Vining), whilst perusing for state purposes the correspondence which passes through the Post-office, comes upon a letter from a certain *Dorothy Budd* to a female friend, filled with a gossiping account of the fortune predicted for her by *Queen Bee*, a gipsy, (Mr. Wright). She is to be grandmother to a duke, have five hundred a year of pin-money, a carriage, and a standing army of footmen. In this idle prattle a plot is scented by Mr. Under-Secretary—a gentleman who 'sees Guy Fawkes's tinder in a dowager's snuff-box, and smells his matches in a spinster's hartshorn'; while his secretary and nephew, *Sir Valentine May* (Mr. Walter Lacy), sees in it only 'petticoats-in-idleness,' and a vision of sunny eyes and blooming cheeks. The address, 'The Lilacs, Kensington,' by throwing a fragrance round the picture, helps in *Sir Valentine's* enchantment, and while the uncle starts to explore the plot, the nephew goes off in search of an adventure of gallantry. 'The Lilacs,' where *Dr. Budd* (Mr. Harley) cultivates the budding intellects of England's youth, now opens upon us in a charmingly painted scene, which fully realizes all that the name has suggested. Here the doctor is introduced to us in despair for lack of an usher at the close of the holidays. An advertisement, holding out the tempting honorarium of 'Ten pounds per annum, washing not included,' in return for the ability to teach Greek, Latin, Hebrew, conic sections, dancing, and music, has failed to excite competition. *Sir Valentine* avails himself of the vacancy to obtain a footing in the house as usher, having seen and been captivated by *Dorothy Budd* (Mrs. Kean), with a celerity peculiar to the stage. A cousin of *Dorothy's*, *Ensign Bellefleur* (Mr. G. Everett), is already installed in the house, doubly occupied in trying an assault on *Dorothy's* heart and the loyalty of the residents in Kensington.

Having made little progress in the former pursuit before *Sir Valentine's* arrival, it is needless to say that he makes less after it, and goes sulking up and down as men will do under such circumstances. *Sir Valentine* knows him to be a suspected Jacobite, and tries, by playing Jacobite airs, to give him a friendly hint that he is known, and had best get out of the way. These intimations, and the natural soreness of a supplanted suitor, of course lead to a quarrel and duel, and the Ensign, equally of course, is disarmed, and spared by his antagonist. This generosity he requites by informing *Dorothy* that the usher is a spy in disguise, who has been sporting with her feelings to conceal his treachery. By this time *Sir Valentine* has begun to find his feeling for the fair *Dorothy* becoming serious, and he becomes anxious to take his leave of 'The Lilacs' and its attractions. Such, at least, appears to be his object, so far as we could gather from the dialogue, which is anything but clear. Strangely enough, his purpose is abandoned on *Dorothy* taxing him as a hiring spy, in language envenomed by the mingled bitterness of contempt and disappointed affection. His mode of removing her suspicions is, to say the least of it, peculiar, while the lady's acceptance of his argument presumes an unusual facility of conviction on her part.

"*Valentine*. Look at me, lady. Fix your eye on mine. I see a soul of tenderness, of truth. What see you? A trading spy; a human wolf that feeds at scaffolds? Am I this?"

Dorothy. (Having gazed at *Valentine*). No! if what seemed an angel said it—no!

Valentine. (Falls upon his knee, and kisses her hand). My thanks and blessing.

And so, to prove his veracity, *Sir Valentine* represents himself to her as "a known rebel," for what ultimate purpose does not appear, and *Dorothy* becomes as full of fears for his safety as she had been the moment before of contempt for his baseness. The dialogue is overheard by Mr. Under-Secretary Zero, who, forgetting the gout which had lamed him in the first scene, has found his way to the Lilacs in company with *Checker* (Mr. Ryder), a professional spy, in hope of coming upon a brood of lively rebels. The uncle congratulates the nephew upon what appears to him his skilful policy in setting the girl's distrust to sleep, and the nephew learns that the uncle has traced the Jacobite *Bellefleur*, and is about to close upon him. To aid this morose and unfortunate gentleman's escape is now *Sir Valentine's* aim, and this is effected through the aid of *Queen Bee*, in a manner sanctioned by long traditional stage usage. Nothing remains now but that Mr. Under-Secretary Zero and his friend *Checker* shall pocket their discomfiture; that *Sir Valentine* shall declare himself to be *Sir Valentine*; that *Dorothy* shall express a reasonable amount of delight at finding herself his lady elect; her father unbounded amazement at discovering his usher to be no usher, but a baronet, and his son-in-law expectant; and that *Queen Bee* shall bemoan herself for having predicted so fine a fortune for *Dorothy*, all so cheap as 'for sixpence and a silver thimble.'

Unfortunately for a piece so meagre in interest of situation, there is not one of the characters with points of sufficient novelty or force to compensate for this defect. *Dorothy* is of the ordinary stuff of stage heroines, blooming and saucy, and ready to drop into the arms of the first handsome coxcomb she encounters. *Sir Valentine* is merely that handsome coxcomb, with an air of generosity scarcely borne out by his acts—as witness his perfect readiness to listen to the reading, by his uncle, of the letter which he professes to be above reading with his own eyes. The uncle, again, is an outrageous caricature. *Checker* and *Ensign Bellefleur* are nonentities, and *Queen Bee* is introduced and kept on the stage without helping on the action, till what might have been amusing, if sparingly used, becomes tiresome. Whether from superior acting, or a happier hit on the author's part, *Dr. Budd* is the only part which smacks of reality, and takes hold of the spectator. Harley hits off the features of the pragmatic pedagogue with an unctious which is, alas! becoming every

day rarer on the stage. The other performers do their best with their parts. Mrs. Kean, it is true, is too artificial and conscious for a part like that of *Dorothy Budd*, which requires youth and a spontaneous natural manner to carry it off. Mr. Walter Lacy is articulate and painstaking, but were he a little less laboured and formal, would do himself more justice. An actor of nicer observation than Wright would put more force into the humour of *Queen Bee*; still he is quietly amusing, and deals less in mere burlesque than is usual with him. The part of *Juno*, the servant at the Lilacs, a good one, of which Mrs. Keeley would have made a great deal, is entirely unsuited to Mrs. Walter Lacy, and is lost in her hands. Mr. James Vining's *Under-Secretary Zero* is well dressed and well acted. An absurd anachronism is committed in the second act, in making *Sir Valentine* play the airs of 'Hey Johnny Cope' and 'Charlie is my Darling,' which grew out of the Rebellion of 1745, and had no existence in 1715. This should be corrected, if it be of any consequence to fix the story to the latter date.

At SADLER'S WELLS the Christmas entertainments are purely of the legitimate school. They consist of *Henry the Fifth* and a pantomime, which have been repeated nightly to crowded and approving audiences since Christmas. This fine historical play, perhaps more especially national than any other of Shakespeare's, was revived with unusual pomp and parade in the second season of Mr. Macready's management of Covent Garden, but not probably with more care or greater general effect than it has now been by Mr. Phelps at this little theatre; and certainly it was then brought out with less scrupulous attention to the text of the poet than it is now, speeches having then been transposed, curtailed, or omitted, to suit the whims of actors, the exigencies of management, or what was considered to be the taste of the public. Now even the infinitesimal though somewhat broad account of Falstaff's death is given in all its entirety. The scenery is correct and appropriate, and in the scenes of siege and battle strikingly effective. Small as the stage is, the groups are so disposed as to give the effect of being portions of great numbers, and the action carried on with great spirit. The costumes, too, are in accordance with the period, and the pomp and circumstance, which aid so materially to develop the views of the great dramatist in this play, fitly represented. The *Henry the Fifth* of Mr. Phelps is one of the best of his many good readings of Shakespeare, and the choruses are spoken by Mr. Marston with propriety. The other parts, varying in importance, are all carefully filled, and the whole performance, joined with the attention given to it by the audience, is a most agreeable spectacle. The pantomime, founded upon the story of *Whittington*, is not particularly lively in its opening, but in the harlequinade there is more comic business than is now usual in this class of entertainments. The *Clown* possesses the happy act of extracting amusement from trifles, and contrives to invest even feats of mere agility with fun. His humour is of the genuine pantomimic school, not elaborate, but broad and suggestive, and he does not sing 'Hot coddlings.'

Mr. Mitchell announces the opening of St. JAMES'S THEATRE for French plays (now become one of the annual necessities of a London spring) on Monday next. The first performance includes the popular *vaudeville* known here as *Kensington Gardens*, in which the eminent comedian of the Palais Royal, M. Ravel, will appear. He is accompanied by Mlle. Lambert of the same theatre. The *vaudeville* of *York, ou une Récompense Honnête*, will be performed the same evening. The programme for the season includes names new to a London public—Mlle. Luther of the Gymnase, Mlle. Pade of the Variétés, and Mlle. Madeline Brohan of the Français. Of old favourites we are to have MM. Lafont and Regnier, Bouffé, if health permit, and, for twelve representations, Mlle. Rachel, during whose engagement the play

of *Diane*, by Emile Augier, will be produced. Increasing success has for some years past attended Mr. Mitchell's spirited exertions, which are, or should be, as important to dramatic art in England as they are to the amusement of the public. Appealing as they do almost exclusively to a cultivated audience, and offering to us examples of the best classes of the various phases of Parisian acting, the 'French play' may serve as a school for the public critics and actors themselves, not afforded, in the present state of the drama, by any of our own theatres.

At DRURY LANE, on Wednesday, there was a morning performance of the pantomime, when the ex-royal family of France were present. At the next morning performance, to take place on Feb. 2nd, the manager announces that no fees will be taken for booking places, 'as a preliminary step to their abolition.'

Messrs. Tom Taylor and Reade, the authors of *Masks and Faces*, are engaged on a piece for this theatre.

The performance at Windsor last night was *Paul Pry*, performed by the Adelphi company; and on Friday next *Macbeth* will be produced with great elaboration, this being the last night of the Royal season. On the following Monday, the same tragedy will be performed at the Princess's.

Although it is not many days since the French became acquainted with *Uncle Tom*, their dramatists have already laid forcible hands on him, and within the past week his manifold virtues and dire oppressions have been presented to the auditories of the Ambigu, Comique, and the Gaité at Paris. It is needless to say that, as everybody feels deeply for poor Tom, sympathises with his sympathisers, and hates his oppressors, in the literary narrative of his adventures, they do so even more strongly now that they are given in a dramatic form. The frequenters of the Ambigu and the Gaité are proverbially soft hearted, but they have seldom shed such floods of tears and heaved such affecting sobs, as at the misfortunes of *Mon Oncle Tom*. At both theatres the melodramas are very creditably performed, and the actors and actresses whose characters require it, have in honour of the great negro dyed their hands and faces with the blackest of black.

We are very sorry to learn that the authorities of Paris have failed in their laudable design to suppress the *claque*. Actors and actresses, and authors and managers, were so dismayed at hearing no applause night after night—the Parisian public, as the reader knows, being accustomed to leave the expression of approbation entirely to the *claque*—that they petitioned and remonstrated earnestly and angrily with the authorities against its exclusion from the pit. Accordingly the authorities yielded, and the *claqueurs* have retaken triumphant possession of their accustomed places, and now ply their hands and voices with greater vigour than ever.

A new theatre is about to be built at Amsterdam by the municipality at an estimated expense of 32,000*l.* It is to be of gigantic proportions, and surrounded by covered bazaars.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Dresden, 22nd January.

THERE has been comparatively little of novelty in art and literature since I last wrote to you. Christmas and New Year bring different duties, and the artist and the author will be oftener found in the midst of happy children or friends than in the *atelier* or study. The squares and market-places of the town have been crowded with booths and stalls, filled with every conceivable article of merchandise, and the houses brilliant with all the splendour of the lighted-up Christmas trees. The season has been an extraordinary one; violets and primulas have been gathered in the gardens, and other wild flowers in the open fields: with the exception of a few days of severe frost we have had

no winter. There has been much fog and damp, and Dresden, one of the worst drained towns in Europe, has been consequently afflicted by the "nervenfieber," a kind of typhus, which has continued unabated for these last ten weeks, confining itself to no one class of society or peculiar quarter of the town. The greatest attractions have been at the theatre. *Tanhauser*, a wonderful opera by Richard Wagner, has been given four times. Wagner was the Capelmeister here previous to the revolution in May, 1849; he at that time joined the party of the people and fought on the barricades; at the conclusion of the outbreak he was obliged to escape, and from that time no opera of his has been permitted to be brought out on the Dresden stage, until this winter. At the first representation the house was fuller than I have ever seen any theatre; the applause was loud and long, and the audience most enthusiastic, but not a single officer, except the captain on duty, was in the house on the first night, nor any member of the royal family present at any one of the four representations. Indeed the King of Saxony has been rather unfortunate in his theatre, the house having been built by one rebel, the architect Semper, who turned his genius to barricade construction; and his opera being conducted by another, Wagner, who distinguished himself in the same way. Dawson, from the Burg Theatre in Vienna, has lately been here and played six times, always to overflowing audiences and at raised prices. He is, I think, without exception, the best actor now living; his rendering of *Richard the Third* could not, I think, be surpassed. Aldridge, the American negro actor, who with his English company has been playing with more or less success in many German towns, was very anxious to have appeared on the Dresden boards, but the intendant of the theatre has positively refused permission, though solicited by many lovers of art.

Bendemann has recovered from his recent illness, and is now making up for lost time, working hard at the cartoons for the two remaining frescoes required to complete the decorations of the ball-room of the royal palace. I paid a visit a short time ago to Retzsch, (the best known, perhaps, to the English public of all the modern German artists;) he lives in complete retirement, about five or six English miles distant from Dresden, at the foot of the Vine Hills. He was, as usual, busy with his pencil, but is not at present publishing anything. He spoke in very indignant terms at the manner in which his drawings had been presented to the English public in the pages of the 'Art Journal,' observing, justly enough I fear, that through the badness of the engraving they had lost all their character and beauty. Dahl, the celebrated Norwegian landscape painter, is suffering from a severe and protracted illness, from which, I much fear, he will not recover; his pictures are best known in Denmark and Sweden, although he has passed the greater part of his life in Germany. His son shows much talent as an animal painter. Rietschel, the sculptor, has derived so much benefit to his health from his stay in Palermo last year, that he has been enabled to pass this winter in Dresden, and is now engaged on a monument, to be erected in Weimar, to the joint memories of Goethe and Schiller. The idea was originated by Bettina von Arnim, and for many years she has been trying in vain to get it carried into execution. This indefatigable friend of Goethe had, in despair at her ill success, determined to execute the work with her own hands, and I believe at her own cost, when most fortunately Professor Rietschel undertook it. I will send you a description of it when it is in a little more advanced state. Julius Hübner is still occupied on the cartoons for a window of stained glass, to be erected in a church at Cracow. The window will be of very large dimensions, and the entire work executed in Saxony; the cartoons by Hübner, and the painting and staining on glass by Scheinerlin, Meissen, and Hängel, in Dresden. Hübner has been exhibiting at Berlin another series of cartoons for a stained glass window, which is in the chapel on the royal "Weinberg," near Dresden. They represent the

parable of the vine and the grapes, in three divisions. The principal figures are, that of Christ in the centre, the Virgin Mary to the right, and John the Baptist to the left side; the parable of the labourers in the vineyard is given underneath, in three groups, composed of smaller figures; and above all, two angels hold medallions, containing the armorial bearings of the King and Queen of Saxony. Professor Hubner has just forwarded a large oil painting, one of his finest works, I think, to the great Dublin Exhibition of 1853, and his example will, I believe, be followed by many other German artists.

The literary men of Dresden are not less diligent with the pen than the artistical men are with the pencil and chisel. Gutzkow, who stands amongst the foremost of the romance-writers of Germany, has contributed several tales to his periodical, which has already reached a sale of about four thousand copies weekly, and the circulation is steadily increasing. Auerbach has published a new volume of 'Village Tales,' containing two stories, the first of which is equal in interest, and superior in power, to anything he has ever written; the second tale is not so good. He has a third in manuscript nearly ready, which will make its appearance shortly in a periodical. It is with real pleasure we see him return from the entangled and unintelligible theories and mysticisms of his 'Neues Leben,' to the beautiful pictures of village life, in which he stands unrivalled. A French work has just appeared, entitled 'Hebel et Auerbach, Scènes Villageoises da la Forêt,' traduit par Max Bouchon. It contains translations of many of the Allemannisch poems of Hebel, and the village tales of Auerbach. The author not only translates accurately, but fully enters into the meaning and spirit of the two poets. Auerbach's works have now appeared in English, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, and French translations. A Fräulein Amalie Bülte, who spent many years of her life in England, has lately published a very clever, but somewhat one-sided book on English life and manners, under the title of 'Visitenbuch eines deutschen Arztes in London,' (Diary of a German Physician in London.) Kohl, so well known in England from the translations of his travels in England, Ireland, Russia, &c., is now employed on a work about the 'Gradual Discovery of America.' As the materials for such an undertaking are not to be found in the Dresden library, Herr Kohl will most likely be obliged to seek for them amongst the treasures of the British Museum. Gervinus is at present in Berlin, studying for a new and amended edition of his celebrated 'History of Literature.' The sale of his last work, 'Einleitung in die Geschichte des 19ten Jahrhunderts,' (Introduction to the History of the 19th Century,) has been prohibited in Munich under penalty of confiscation. The prohibition has also been made at Heidelberg; but as the law of the press in the Duchy of Baden requires the government to institute proceedings against the author of a prohibited book within fourteen days of its prohibition, and as twelve days have already passed without any steps having been taken, it is most likely that the open sale of the work will be resumed, and probably increased by the temporary persecution. At Cassel the state of siege continues in all its rigour; a few days ago a Dr. Volkmar, formerly teacher at the Gymnasium, at Fulda, was condemned to nine months' imprisonment and loss of his situation. He had already been confined several months in the Castle, until it suited the authorities to put him on his trial—his only offence consisted in his having, about two years ago, published a pamphlet condemning the measure of subjecting Cassel to military law.

Spohr, the composer, has received an invitation from the New Philharmonic Society to conduct two concerts in Exeter Hall next summer, which he will most probably accept. There is no truth whatsoever in the report that Jenny Lind has bought a villa near Dresden; she is merely spending the winter here, and has not even the intention of making Dresden her permanent place of residence.

VARIETIES.

Birmingham.—A meeting has been held in Birmingham, under good auspices, with a view to the establishment in that town of a new literary and scientific society. The attempt, however, is to revive rather than to create. In the city of Priestley and Watt, Boulton and Baskerville, literary and scientific institutions seem to have but a short lease of life. Its Philosophical Institution has just died a natural death. The Mechanics' Institute is extinct. The Polytechnic languishes for want of support. Of the Social Union and of the Artisans' Library—organizations of which the world heard much a few years ago—we now hear nothing. Even the public News-room appears to be in the last throes of existence. But this general decay of rival societies, while it clears the ground for a new experiment, is apt by the very fact of that clearance to discourage those who look on from a distance as to the ultimate success of even the most magnificently announced efforts—unless something more than voluntary good-will be secured to the undertaking in the first instance. It is proposed to erect spacious buildings, at a cost of 19,000*l.* The structure is to contain three museums; the first devoted to a collection of such raw materials as supply the staple industries of the town and neighbourhood, including geological and mineralogical specimens,—the second to articles in every stage and variety of manufacture, not only of this time and country, but, so far as they may be procurable, of all ages and all lands,—and the third to a large collection of machinery and models. The other features of the scheme comprise a chemical laboratory for lectures and classes; a central hall for lectures on general subjects; class-rooms; a reading-room with a scientific and general library of reference; and, as an entrance to all the departments, a large hall, adapted for the reception of sculpture or other works of Art, to become hereafter a nucleus for a public gallery. Another department will be devoted to mining records, showing the dimensions and position of strata in the different mineral workings of the district. The whole of the expenses are expected not to exceed 20,000*l.* Should the money not be raised by appeal to voluntary aid, it is proposed to make application to the municipal body, under the Public Libraries Act, for assistance to complete the work.—*Athenæum.*

Cromwell's Head.—A writer in 'Eliza Cook's Journal,' speaking of public-house signs, says,—“There are Marlboroughs, Abercrombys, Wellingtons, Duncans, Rodneyes, and Nelsons, by dozens. I have seen somewhere an admiral painted on horseback, but I never saw Cromwell on an ale-house yet. This is a singular and significant fact.”

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